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APRIL
1972

60¢

HORROR

TALES

IN THIS ISSUE:

**TOTAL
SHOCK**

FEATURING:

THE TERRIFYING
BLOODY CORPSE

THE SCARIFYING
MAD ONES

PLUS OTHER
STRANGE TALES



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HORROR TALES

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CARL BURGOS, Editor IRVING FASS, Art Director
EZRA JACKSON, Art Editor

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THE BLOODY CORPSE



THE MAD ONES



THE GHOUL

HI, FELLOW FANS! VAULT OVER HERE NOW...HEH, HEH! PULL UP A MARBLE SLAB AND LISTEN WHILE YE OLD GRAVEYARD KEEPER DIGS UP, BESIDES A WORMY WORM, ANOTHER TALE OUT OF HIS **RE-VAULTING** RECORDS!

THE BLOODY CORPSE



HIS FACE TWISTING IN UNUSUAL RAGE, ANDREW TODD CREPT UP SILENTLY BEHIND HIS HARMLESS OLD, AUNT SARA.

PERHAPS HIS HATEFUL EAGERNESS WARNED AUNT SARA! SHE TURNED HER HEAD.....

I'LL KILL HER AND
BLAME IT ON A BURGLAR...
...ESCAPED MANIAC....
ANYTHING! GET IT
OVER WITH....
NOW!

OH, ANDREW DEAR! NOT
AGAIN? SILLY BOY, YOU
KNOW YOU CAN'T DO IT,
DEAR NEPHEW!



SHE RETURNED TO HER KNITTING CALMLY
NOT MISSING A STITCH.

YOU'RE A COWARDLY
PUP WITHOUT A BACK-
BONE, JUST LIKE YOUR
FATHER! HE WAS
AFRAID TO MARRY ME...
...HE MARRIED MY
SISTER...YOUR MOTHER,
INSTEAD!

...COULDN'T
KILL HER....
SCARED LIKE
THE OTHER
TIMES!

LIKE YOUR SPINELESS
FATHER, YOU'RE A WORM,
NOT A MAN! OH, YOUR
WEEKLY ALLOWANCE,
ANDREW DEAR!

HOW CAN I DO
ANYTHING ON
FIVE DOLLARS
AND YOU HAVE
MILLIONS!



...WHICH YOU WILL
NEVER GET YOUR
LITTLE HANDS ON!
I'M HEALTHY,
ANDREW, AND NOT **TOO**
OLD... I MAY EVEN OUT-
LIVE **YOU**.... HA, HA!

NO, NO!
I CAN'T
STAND IT ANY-
MORE... I'LL
GO OUT OF
MY MIND...
MAD... MAD!

LATER...

...BUT WHERE'LL I
GO? WHAT'LL I DO?
FACING THE WORLD SCARES
ME, YET I'LL GO MAD
IF I STAY!

IT WAS THEN THAT THE PLAN
STOLE INTO HIS MIND....

...WAIT... I'VE GOT IT.... IF
AUNTIE WENT MAD, I'D IN-
HERIT EVERYTHING! PERFECT!
....SHE'LL BE AWAY, FOR A
WEEK ON ONE OF HER
ANTIQUE HUNTS! THAT'S WHEN
IT WILL HAPPEN!



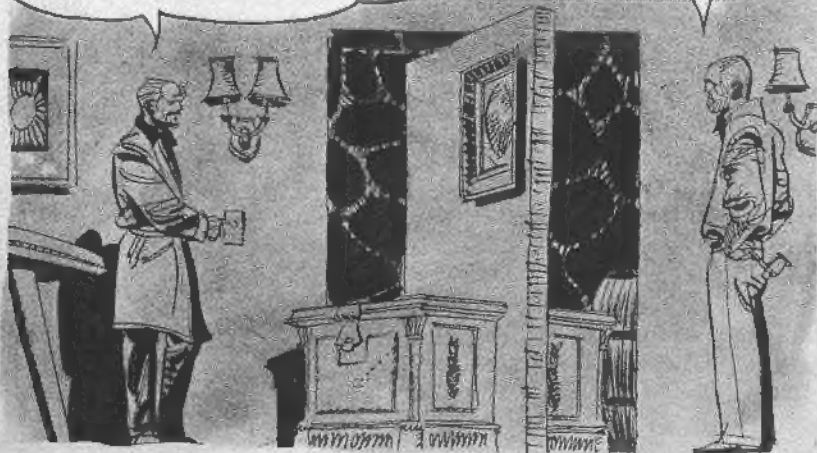
THE SERVANTS WERE DISMISSED FOR A WEEK WHILE ANDREW
HIRED UNDERWORLD TECHNICIANS TO CARRY OUT HIS PLAN.

PERFECT! THIS BUTTON SWITCHES
THE TWO TRUNKS SILENTLY! SHE'LL
NEVER KNOW OF THE SECRET
PANEL WE INSTALLED!

WHAT D'YA EXPECT?
...WE'RE EXPERTS AT
THIS SORT OF THING!

NOW REMEMBER,
TODD--MY CUT IS
TWENTY FIVE PER-
CENT OF THE
OLD LADY'S
DOUGH!

A BIG
BITE...BUT
WORTH IT!



WHEN AUNTIE RETURNED, ANDREW WAS SURE HIS PLAN WOULD SUCCEED.

THAT **TRUNK!!** I DON'T REMEMBER... DID I BUY THAT?

HOW CAN YOU REMEMBER ALL THE JUNK YOU BUY? THAT'S WHAT IT IS...

LEAVE THE ROOM, ANDREW! I WANT TO ENJOY MY ANTIQUES WITHOUT YOUR SARCASM!

NO DOUBT IT'S PANDORA'S BOX! OR JUST PLAIN JUNK!

WHEN ALONE AUNTIE OPENED THE TRUNK!

WHA...!
HELP!



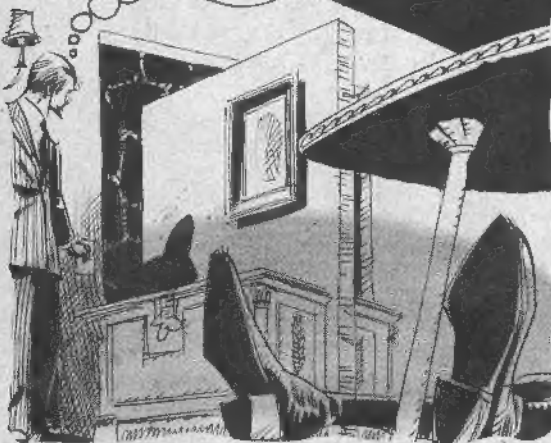
THE SCREAM WAS MUSIC TO ANDREW'S EARS! HE RAN IN AND...

IT WORKED! NOW TO PRESS THE BUTTON AND THE TRUNKS ARE SWITCHED! THIS'LL SHOCK AUNTIE OUT OF HER SKIN!

LATER....

I-I TELL YOU A HORRIBLE....UH...SOMETHING POPPED OUT OF THAT TRUNK!

AUNTIE, PLEASE! YOU'RE A BIG GIRL....YOU JUST IMAGINED IT! LOOK....I'LL EVEN OPEN IT AND I'M A COWARD.... REMEMBER?



WHAT ELSE, AUNTIE DEAR? I'M AFRAID YOUR NERVES ARE GIVING WAY!

EMPTY!



BUT ANDREW KNEW PRECISELY WHAT SHE WOULD SEE NEXT---HE SAW TO THAT....

MURDOCK MADE A GRUESOME SELECTION OF MECHANICAL "HORRORS" TO POP OUT... SECRET SPRINGS WORK 'EM! AND OLD AUNTIE WILL FORCE HERSELF TO OPEN IT AGAIN....I CAN'T LOSE!



ANDREW WAS RIGHT...

EEK! I WON'T FAINT
THIS TIME...I'LL CALL
MY MAID TO SEE IT!
MABEL...MABEL!



BUT A TIMED DEVICE SET
BY ANDREW DID ITS OWN
WORK OPENING THE LID...

NO! NO! MUST HAVE
A WITNESS...RICHARDS!
COME QUICKLY!



WHATEVER ANCIENT EVIL
IT HOLDS, I'LL SMASH IT
AND...OOH, IT'S THE DEVIL
HIMSELF...**HELP!**



WHILE AUNTIE RAN TO THE DOOR
CALLING MABEL, ANDREW
SWITCHED THE TRUNKS...

B-BUT MUM,
IT'S EMPTY!
NO SKELETON,
NOTHING,
MUM!

AUNTIE, WHY DON'T
YOU HAVE THAT
OLD JUNK
FLUNG OUT IF IT
GIVES YOU HALLU-
CINATIONS?



BUT RICHARD, THE BUTLER, WAS TOO
LATE TO SEE ANYTHING AMISS
EXCEPT THE MAD GLINT IN HIS
MISTRESS' EYE....

I SAW IT, I TELL
YOU....A DECAPI-
TATED HEAD....
FLOATING....

BETTER CALL
THE DOCTOR,
RICHARDS!

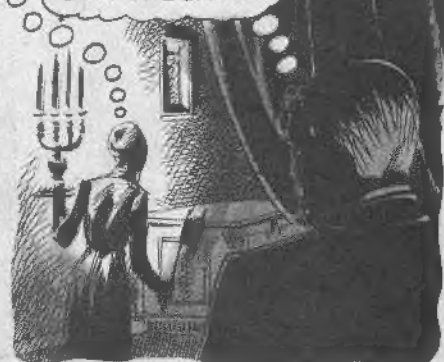


I TOLD ANDREW NOT TO
DARE THROW IT OUT! WOULDN'T
GIVE THAT SCOUNDREL THE
SATISFACTION OF THINKING
I'M AFRAID! JUST LET
IT SET THERE!



LATER, AFTER THE DOCTOR LEFT,
ANDREW ANTICIPATED AUNTIE'S
NEXT MOVE AND....

NO DOCTOR CAN
CONVINCE ME MY
MIND'S GOING! I'LL
SETTLE THIS...SMASH
IT OPEN!
NOW, THE
BEST SHOCKER!



THE DOCTOR WAS SUMMONED ONCE MORE....

POOR WOMAN, PSYCHOTIC!
HER MIND...WELL,
SNAPPED! THERE'S
ONLY ONE THING YOU
CAN DO, MY BOY...

YOU MEAN HAVE
HER COMMITTED
AS...INSANE? NO...
...NOT THAT!



LATER, ANDREW SHARED HIS TRIUMPH WITH MURDOCK, UNTIL....

WHEN THE COURT DECLARES YOUR AUNT BUGS, AND YOU GET HER FORTUNE.... I GET MY FIFTY PERCENT CUT!

WHAT? I ONLY PROMISED TWENTY FIVE PERCENT!

WHY NOT? ONE WORD FROM ME AND YOU LOSE IT ALL!

THAT'S BLACKMAIL!...
...O.K., I'LL DO IT!

I HAVE TO GET RID OF HIM... IF I CALL HIM IN-TO THE NEXT ROOM, I WON'T HAVE TO DO THE UGLY JOB MYSELF!



YOUR PRICE IS HIGH, MURDOCK! BUT COME IN HERE AND SIGN A PROMISE NOT TO ASK FOR MORE!

OKAY! I'M NO HOG!

AS MURDOCK STARTED INTO THE ROOM, ANDREW PRESSED THE SWITCH BUTTON AND THE WALL CLOSED IN ON MURDOCK!

HERE'S YOUR PAYOFF....

NO!
NO!
GHAA!

...THE WALL DIDN'T KILL HIM! THIS OLD WINE CELLAR IS NEVER USED...
...PERFECT TO HIDE HIM! I'LL FINISH THE JOB LATER!



...GOT TO GET READY FOR COURT TOMORROW, AUNT SARA WILL BE COMMITTED... AND I TAKE OVER AS LEGAL HEIR!

BUT MURDOCK WAS TOUGH.... HE CAME TO SOON AFTER....

OWWWW, MY HEAD! GOT TO GET OUT OF HERE!

...AND HIS SKILLED FINGERS PICK THE LOCK OPEN...

....IT WORKED!



FOOTSTEPS STARTLED MURDOCK WHEN HE STEPPED INTO THE HALL....

AS MURDOCK ENTERED THE ROOM, HE COLLAPSED, RIGHT INTO ANDREW'S TRUNK...

THE NEXT DAY, DUE TO AUNTIE'S CONDITION, THE FINAL PROCEEDINGS WERE HELD AT HOME.

...STILL DIZZY...UH OH...SOMEONE'S COMING...I'LL HIDE IN THIS ROOM....

EVERYTHING SPINNING AROUND...I... I...OHHHHHH!

T-THE DEVIL'S IN THERE! GO AHEAD, LOOK!... THEN WE'LL SEE WHO'S CRAZY!

I-I'M AFRAID WE'LL HAVE TO! TAKE A LOOK, WENTWORTH! THE COURT MUST BE FULLY SATISFIED IT IS EMPTY!

HEH...THE DEVIL SAID HELLO TO ME, NICE AS YOU PLEASE!

HER MIND DID CRACK UNDER THE STRAIN...MAKES IT A CINCH!

MILLIONS! ALL MINE! I WISH WE'D HURRY AND GET IT OVER WITH....

...THEY OPENED THE TRUNK AND...

EEEEAA! H-HOW COULD HE GET IN THE TRUNK? MURDOCK'S IN THE WINE CELLAR!

MURDOCK? WINE CELLAR? YOU'VE GOT SOME EXPLAINING TO DO, ANDREW!

ANDREW BABBLLED, NOW AS INSANE AS HIS AUNT AT THE SIGHT OF THE DEAD MURDOCK IN THE MIDDLE OF HIS HORROR CREATIONS....

SEEING MURDOCK DEAD GAVE ANDREW QUITE A SHOCK....HIS AUNT WAS CURED....NOW ANDREW IS IN THE ASYLUM INSTEAD OF HER.

THE MAD ONES

NO, NO! K-KEEP AWAY FROM ME! GUARDS... HELP! DON'T TOUCH ME! YOU'RE ALL INSANE!

TEE HEE! DON'T BE AFRAID, MR. QUINN! WE WOULDN'T HURT YOU... WE JUST WANT TO PLAY!



MY NAME IS KENNY ANDREWS... I'M A GUARD AT THE MIDVALE MENTAL INSTITUTION...

HARD TO BELIEVE, ISN'T IT, KENNY? PEOPLE 50 YEARS OLD PLAYING WITH DOLLS!

AS LONG AS THEY'RE HARMLESS, I DON'T CARE WHAT THEY DO!

BUT THEN THE ASYLUM GOT A NEW DIRECTOR, J. WALTER QUINN, A TOUGH GUY WHO DIDN'T WASTE ANY TIME LAYING DOWN THE LAW!

THESE CRACKPOTS HAVE BEEN GETTING AWAY WITH MURDER! BUT NO LONGER! NOW, THINGS WILL BE RUN MY WAY!



THE FIRST THING QUINN DID WAS TO CUT DOWN ON THE FOOD ALLOTMENT...

WHERE'S THE BREAD? WE ALWAYS HAVE BREAD!

IT DOESN'T SEEM RIGHT TO ME, BILL! WHY SHOULD THEY BE STARVED?

SIR! THEY'RE COMPLAINING ABOUT THE LACK OF BREAD...

SO WHAT? I'LL SHOW THEM FOR COMPLAINING ABOUT NOTHING!

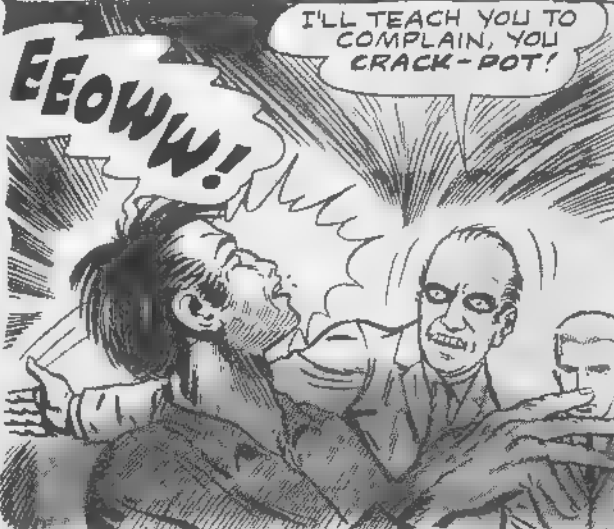


MY STOMACH TURNED AS I WATCHED THE NEW DIRECTOR "DISCIPLINE" AN INMATE...

QUINN YANKED THE TREMBLING MAN TO HIS FEET AND SLAPPED HIM ACROSS THE FACE...

...AND TELL ME, LITTLE FRIEND, WHAT DID YOU THINK OF LUNCH?

IT WAS AWFUL! THE SOUP WAS LIKE WATER, AND...



I'LL TEACH YOU TO COMPLAIN, YOU CRACK-POT!



WE WATCHED WITH DISBELIEF AS QUINN RAISED HIS HEAVY CANE OVERHEAD...

TAKE THAT... AND THAT... AND THAT...

NO! NO! I-I'LL STARVE! I'M (SOB) SORRY...

...AND JUST TO MAKE SURE THAT OUR LITTLE FRIEND LEARNS HOW TO APPRECIATE HIS FOOD... DON'T FEED HIM FOR THREE DAYS!



WITHIN A WEEK THE ASYLUM BECAME A PLACE OF BRUTALITY AND HORROR AND THERE WAS NOTHING WE COULD DO ABOUT IT!

UGH! WHAT'S THAT SMELL?

IT'S THE MEAT QUINN ORDERED! I THINK IT'S SPOILED!



HER NAME'S MARY! SHE LOST HER MIND AFTER AN AUTO ACCIDENT A YEAR AGO!

DEAR SWEETHEART BABY!



SHH! MARY, DON'T CRY, HONEY, I'LL GET YOU A NEW DOLL! HE CAN'T GET AWAY WITH THIS FOREVER! SOMEDAY...

...MY B-BABY! H-HE KILLED MY BABY!



FOR THE INMATES, LIFE BECAME A HIDEOUS NIGHTMARE...

DEAR, SWEET LITTLE BABY!

AND WHO IS THAT BABBLING IDIOT?



THAT'S NO BABY... IT'S A DOLL, YOU MORON! GIVE IT HERE... I'LL SHOW YOU!

NO! PLEASE! MY BABY! MY BABY!

SEE! I SAID IT WAS ONLY A DOLL, YOU STUPID THING!

YAH-H MY BABY!



BUT WHAT COULD I DO? QUINN WAS IN CONTROL! ONE DAY, I DID OFFER A SUGGESTION...

SIR, THEY'RE NOT ACCUSTOMED TO HARSH DISCIPLINE AND...

...SO YOU THINK I SHOULD BE MORE "GENTLE" WITH THE LOONIES, EH ANDREWS?



WHEN I WANT ADVISE, I'LL ASK FOR IT, IDIOT! IF YOU DON'T LIKE THE WAY I'M DOING THINGS... QUIT!



THOUGH I REMAINED, THERE WAS LITTLE I COULD DO...

WHAT'S ALL THE RACKET DOWN HERE?

SORRY, SIR, MORTON HERE GOT VIOLENT WHEN WE TOLD THE OTHERS THAT THEY COULDN'T BUILD A SNOWMAN THIS YEAR!

MADMAN, YOU DARE DISOBEY ORDERS, DO YOU?

BUT WE ALWAYS BUILD A SNOWMAN! WE LIKE TO PLAY! IT ISN'T FAIR!



QUINN DELIGHTED IN INFLECTING MINOR TORTURES ON THE INMATES!

AND FROM NOW ON, NO MOVIES... NO RECREATION! WE NEED TO HAVE MORE DISCIPLINE!



ANY INFRACTION OF THE RULE BROUGHT ON IMMEDIATE HARSH PUNISHMENT...

GUARD! THIS MAN DIDN'T FOLD HIS NAPKIN PROPERLY! HE'S TO GET NO FOOD FOR 48 HOURS! I WANT NEATNESS IN MY INSTITUTION!



I COULDN'T QUIT! I WAS AFRAID OF WHAT MIGHT HAPPEN TO MARY AND THE OTHERS...

THAT GUY'S AS PSYCHO AS THE OTHERS, BUT HE'S MORE DANGEROUS! I-I CAN'T LEAVE!



I LIVED IN TERROR THAT MARY WOULD FALL VICTIM TO HIS VICIOUS TYRANNY...

SEE, MARY... IT'S YOUR BABY! A BRAND NEW BABY!

THAT'S NOT MY BABY! H-HE... HE KILLED HER!



WHAT'S THE TROUBLE HERE? CAN'T YOU KEEP THAT WOMAN QUIET?

YES, SIR! I CAN HANDLE HER! I'LL MAKE SURE SHE'S QUIET!

YOU SEEM QUITE FOND OF THAT CRACKPOT! HA! HA! WOULDN'T IT BE A PITY IF ANYTHING HAPPENED TO HER!

HE KILLED MY...

MARY... SHUT UP!

I WAS DESPERATE! I HAD TO GET HIM FIRED! I KNEW I COULDN'T SAVE MARY FROM HIM FOREVER...

I NEED EVIDENCE TO PROVE MY CHARGES OR IT'S NO USE...

THE NEXT EVENING WHILE QUINN WAS IN TOWN ON A DRINKING SPREE...

I'VE GOT AT LEAST THREE HOURS MORE BEFORE HE'LL BE BACK... I MUST FIND SOMETHING

IT LOOKED LIKE I WAS DOOMED TO FAILURE UNTIL I FOUND THE LOCKED STRONGBOX...

HEY! THIS LOOKS LIKE IT MIGHT BE IT!

I OPENED THE BOX AND FOUND...

EVIDENCE! NOW, THE TRUSTEES WILL HAVE TO LISTEN TO ME! QUINN'S BEEN EMBEZZLING ASYLUM FUNDS!

...AND ON THE NEXT DAY...

QUINN DID THESE THINGS? YOUNG MAN, YOU MUST BE WRONG! WALTER QUINN IS A FINE...

YEAH? WAIT UNTIL YOU SEE THESE PAPERS!

GOOD HEAVENS! THIS IS UNBELIEVABLE! SPOILED MEAT! FAILURE TO PURCHASE PROPER SUPPLIES... WHY, THIS MONSTER QUINN IS MAKING A FORTUNE AS DIRECTOR OF THE ASYLUM!

I THOUGHT YOU SHOULD KNOW!

I LEFT THE OFFICE KNOWING THAT QUINN SHOULD BE INVESTIGATED WITHIN THE WEEK!

WHEN THE D.A. GETS THROUGH WITH HIM, HE SHOULD GET AT LEAST TWENTY YEARS FOR EMBEZZLING!

I REACHED THE ASYLUM AT NOON, AND...

HEY! WHAT'S UP?

OH, HI! THERE'S BEEN SOME...ER... TROUBLE!

THEN I SAW...

THAT'S MARY! SHE'S DEAD!

HENRY, THERE WASN'T ANYTHING WE COULD DO!

SHE WAS YELLING ABOUT HER BABY AND HE STARTED TO BULLY HER!

WE HAD TO PUT HER IN SOLITARY AND WHEN WE CAME TO RELEASE HER... SHE WAS DEAD... A SUICIDE!

...THE HELP THAT WAS COMING FROM THE BOARD OF TRUSTEES WAS TOO LATE! THAT NIGHT...

WE WANT A SNOWMAN! WE ALWAYS HAVE A SNOWMAN!

QUINN NEVER LETS US PLAY! WE HATE HIM!

SHHHH, GO ON TO SLEEP, FELLOWS!

ANDREWS! THOSE NUTS HAVE BEEN JABBERING FOR HOURS! I CAN SEE YOU DON'T KNOW HOW TO HANDLE THEM! WELL, I'LL GIVE YOU A LESSON...

YES, SIR!

I FOLLOWED HIM INTO THE WARDS...

ALL RIGHT,
YOU DUMB
APES... GET
OUTTA...

THERE HE IS, GUYS...
THE LOUSE WHO
WON'T LET YOU
HAVE YOUR SNOWMAN!
JUMP HIM!



QUINN SCREAMED HIS HEAD
OFF, BUT THE GUARDS PAID
NO ATTENTION...

GET AWAY
FROM ME!
GUARDS!
HELP

WE'RE GOING
TO MAKE A
SNOWMAN!
TEE-HEE!



YES, THE INMATES FINALLY
HAD THEIR SNOWMAN... A
HUMAN SNOWMAN...

AND SO, I HAD MY
REVENGE! WHAT'S
THAT? WHY WAS I
SO MAD WHEN QUINN
KILLED MARY?



QUINN LOOKED AT ME WITH DISBELIEF...

A-ANDREWS! YOU
CAN'T GET AWAY
WITH THIS...
Y-YOU--

TEE, HEE... WE
DON'T LIKE
YOU, MR. QUINN!
NO, HEE HEE,
WE HATE
YOU!

YOU'RE
NOT AFRAID,
ARE YOU,
QUINN?



THEY SWARMED ALL OVER HIM!

IT WAS NOON BEFORE THE
INMATES WERE RETURNED
TO THEIR WARDS... AS FOR
J. WALTER QUINN, THEY
FOUND HIM OUTSIDE IN THE
RECREATION AREA...



WELL, IT'S THIS WAY... MARY WAS MY
WIFE! THAT'S WHY I TOOK THE JOB
AT THE ASYLUM! OH, SURE, THEY DID
SEND ME TO PRISON FOR MY PART IN
QUINN'S DEATH... BUT WITH MARY
DEAD, WHAT DO I HAVE TO LIVE FOR?



HERE'S ANOTHER SLIMY SAGA CALCULATED TO KEEP YOUR STOMACHS CHURNING, FELLOW GHOULS!
IT'S A REPULSIVE TALE COMPOSED OF HORROR AND FEAR, WITH TWO VAMPIRES...
...WE CALL IT...

FEAST FOR VAMPIRES

FOR GOD'S
SAKE... LEAVE
ME ALONE!

THERE AIN'T
NO SENSE RUNNING,
GIRLIE... YOU
CAN'T GET AWAY!

COME WITH US TO A LONELY CABIN
LOCATED ON THE OUTSKIRTS OF A
SMALL, NEW ENGLAND TOWN...

ALMOST
READY, DEAR!
JUST THE
WAY YOU
LIKE IT!

HOW'S DINNER
COMIN', MA?
I'M HUNGRY!

THE OCCUPANTS OF THE CABIN ARE MA AND PA NORRIS,
WELL LOVED AND LIKED BY THE TOWN PEOPLE WHO
HAVE KNOWN THEM FOR THE PAST THIRTY YEARS!

AFTERNOON,
FOLKS! SHORE
HOT, EH, PA?

WE WON'T
HURT YOU,
MUCH,
HONEY!

SHORE IS, LEM!
SIT DOWN FOR A
SPELL AND HAVE
SOME LEMONADE!

YOU FOLKS ARE SHORE SWELL! I NEVER MIND DRIVING WAY OUT HERE 'CUZ I ALWAYS GET A FINE RECEPTION!

THAT'S 'CUZ WE LIKE YOU, LEM! WE LIKE EVERYBODY IN RIVERDALE!

AFTER THE ICEMAN'S DEPARTURE, THE NORRISSES STARTED THEIR EVENING MEAL...

GOOD DINNER TONIGHT, PA! MOST EVERYTHING YOU LIKE!

BLOOD JUICE COCKTAIL... BROILED CLOTS, FRENCH-FRIED VEINS AND HOT BLOOD COFFEE!

FINE, MARTHA!

IN CASE YOU CAN'T FIGURE IT OUT, KIDDIES, MARTHA AND HENRY NORRIS ARE VAMPIRES...

FINE FLAVOR! THE YOUNG ONES ARE ALWAYS BEST!

YER RIGHT, PA! TOO BAD THIS IS THE LAST OF HIM! SOMEBODY ELSE BETTER SHOW UP SOON! WE DON'T HAVE MUCH FOOD LEFT!

KNOCK! KNOCK!

YES?

I'LL OFFER THIS MIRACLE CLEANER AT A REDUCED RATE BECAUSE YOU'RE MY LAST CUSTOMER...

I DUNNO! WHY DON'T YOU COME IN AND GIVE US A DEMONSTRATION!

THE SALESMAN GLADLY ACCEPTS PA NORRIS' OFFER... MINUTES LATER...

...AND MIRACLE CLEANER IS ALSO GUARANTEED TO...

HE LOOKS JUST FINE, DON'T HE, PA?

YUP, MA! MIGHTY TASTY!

THE NEW MIRACLE CL- HEY! WHAT IN GOD'S NAME...

GRAB HIM, PA!

SHORE WILL!

POOR RALPH WEEKS DOESN'T HAVE A CHANCE...

OUR TWO "FRIENDS" ARE OLD HANDS AT THIS GAME AND WEEKS IS DEAD IN MINUTES!

YES, THESE ARE MODERN VAMPIRES WITH ALL THE NEWEST CONVENIENCES!

LEMME GO..
NO! NO!!

NOW, NOW,
DON'T GET
EXCITED...IT'LL
ALL BE OVER
IN JUST A
SECOND!

FINE
CATCH,
MARTHA!

LET'S HURRY AND
GET HIM DISSECTED
AND INTO THE FREE-
ZER! WE DON'T
WANT HIM TO
SPOIL!

THIS
FREEZER
HAS BEEN
A BIG
HELP,
DEAR!

IT SHORE HAS!
REMEMBER THE
FUNNY LITTLE
GUY WE GOT
IT FROM? WASN'T
VERY GOOD
EATING, WAS
HE?



TRAVELING SALESMEN,
TRUCK DRIVERS AND OTHER
STRANGERS WHO HAD
FOUND THEIR WAY TO
THE ISOLATED CABIN
PROVIDED THE VAMPIRE'S
DIET...AND NO ONE IN
TOWN IS THE WISER!
IT'S A WEEK LATER
AS WE REJOIN THE
GRUESOME TWOSOME...

NOBODY'S BEEN
UP HERE IN TEN DAYS,
PA! WHAT ARE WE
GONNA DO? THAT
LAST FELLA
IS ALMOST
GONE!



TRY NOT TO
WORRY, DEAR...
SOMEBODY'LL
SHOW UP!

I HOPE
SO, PA!



BUT FATE WORKS AGAINST THEM AND ANOTHER
WEEK PASSES WITHOUT A "MEAL" APPEARING AT
THE CABIN...

PA, WE AIN'T
HAD A MORSEL IN
EIGHT DAYS! ONLY
THOSE DANG
BONES!



KNOCK!!



HOWDY, FOLKS!
OK IF I BRING THE ICE
IN FAST...THE HEAT'S
CAUSIN' IT TO
MELT!





YESSIR! IT'S LIKE AN OVEN OUTSIDE!

IT'S A SHAME, BUT WE GOTTA DO IT!

YER RIGHT! IT'S HIM OR US!



WHAT ARE YOU TALKIN' ABOUT? FOR GOD'S SAKE!!



HEY!

SORRY, LEM! YOU'RE A GOOD FRIEND... BUT FOOD IS MORE IMPORTANT THAN FRIENDS!

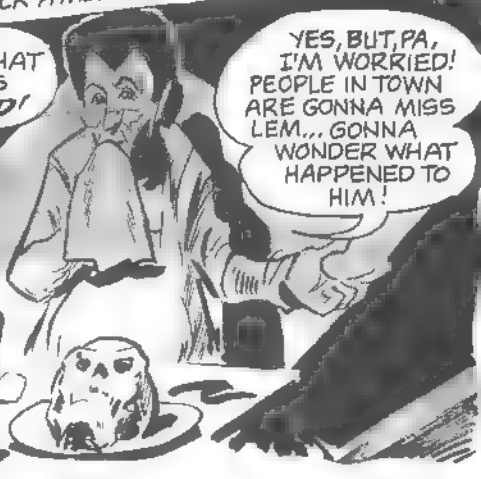
FOR THE FIRST TIME IN THEIR HISTORY OF MURDER, MARTHA AND HENRY NORRIS ATTACK A MEMBER OF THE COMMUNITY...



YIAAAHHH!



AH, THAT WAS GOOD!



YES, BUT, PA, I'M WORRIED! PEOPLE IN TOWN ARE GONNA MISS LEM... GONNA WONDER WHAT HAPPENED TO HIM!

MARTHA IS RIGHT... ON THE FOLLOWING MORNING, THE NORRISSES RECEIVE A VISIT FROM THE LOCAL SHERIFF...

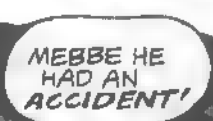


AND SO WHEN LEM DIDN'T COME HOME, GLADYS GOT WORRIED AND CALLED ME! SHE SAID YOU WERE LISTED AS HIS LAST DELIVERY OF THE DAY!

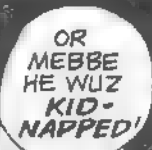
THAT'S RIGHT, HANK! HE WAS HERE 'BOUT FOUR THIRTY, DELIVERED THE ICE AND THEN LEFT!



SHORE IS FUNNY! AIN'T NOBODY SEEN HIM SINCE HE LEFT HERE!



MEBBE HE HAD AN ACCIDENT!



OR MEBBE HE WUZ KID-NAPPED!

BUT IT IS OBVIOUS THAT THE SHERIFF DOESN'T AGREE WITH EITHER OF THESE THEORIES AS HE LEAVES WITH ONE LAST LOOK AROUND...

I'M SCARED, PA!
HE LOOKED AT
US FUNNY!

HE CAN'T PROVE A THING...
BUT WE'D BETTER NOT
TOUCH NOBODY
FROM TOWN!

BUT DESPITE THEIR PLEDGE WHEN A WEEK PASSES WITHOUT A NEW VICTIM FINDING HIS WAY TO THE CABIN...

EVENIN', HENRY!
AIN'T SEEN YOU
AND MARTHA IN
TOWN FER
MONTHS!

BEEN TOO BUSY,
PAUL! WE'RE OUT
FER SOME FUN
TONIGHT!

PSST,
HENRY...
WE DON'T
DARE!

NICE TO SEE YOU,
HENRY! THOUGHT
YOU MIGHT BE
AROUND
BEFORE
LONG!

W-WHAT DO
YOU MEAN,
SHERIFF? YOU
THOUGHT
WE'D BE
AROUND?

WH--OH!
EVENIN',
HANK! Y-YOU
STARTLED
ME! DIDN'T SEE
YOU THERE!

YOUNG TOM CAREY **DIED**
YESTERDAY! THOUGHT
YOU MIGHT WANT TO GO
TO THE FUNERAL!

OF COURSE, HANK...
WE'D LIKE TO PAY
OUR RESPECTS!

THE CAREYS DON'T BELIEVE IN
EMBALMING, SO ACCORDING TO
LAW, THE FUNERAL'S GOTTA
BE WITHIN 48 HOURS! IT'LL BE
AT WOODLAWN, TOMORROW
AT ELEVEN!

WE'LL BE
THERE!

INSTEAD OF THEIR ORIGINAL PLAN, THE NORRISSES RETURN HOME TO FIGURE OUT A NEW ONE...

IT'S PERFECT!
AFTER THE
FUNERAL WE
DIG UP THE
BODY...

AND YOUNG
TOM'LL BE
IN GOOD
SHAPE...NO
EMBALMING!

BUT THE NORRISSES AREN'T THE ONLY ONES WITH A PLAN...

HANK, YER
CRAZY...
I'VE KNOWN
HENRY AND
MARTHA
NORRIS FOR,

MEBBE I **AM** CRAZY...
BUT IN THE LAST **SIX** MONTHS
34 MEN HAVE DISAPPEARED
IN THIS VICINITY! BOTH **ME**
AND THE STATE POLICE
TRACED 'EM AS FAR AS THE
NORRIS PLACE AND **NO**
FURTHER!

YOU'VE GOT TO HELP ME, MAC! IT'S THE ONLY WAY...

8-BUT (SOB) OUR ONLY SON... I... I (SOB)...

IF HANK NEEDS OUR HELP, WE GOTTA GIVE IT TO HIM, AGNES! IT'S OUR DUTY!

THE FOLLOWING MORNING AT WOODLAWN CEMETERY...

ASHES TO ASHES...

LOOK AT HIM... SO YOUNG AND TENDER!

HENRY! STOP! PEOPLE WILL NOTICE!

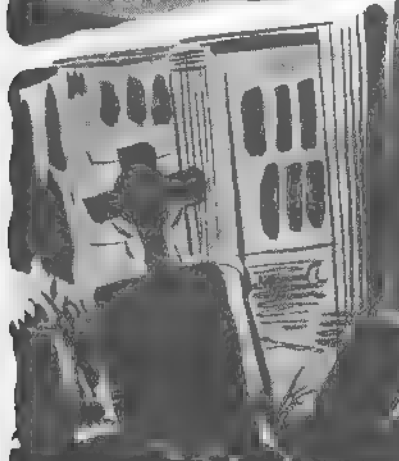
LATER...

IT AIN'T QUITE DARK YET, PA! I'M AFRAID!

WE CAN'T WAIT, MARTHA! HURRY UP!



WHEN WE GET FINISHED, WE'LL SHOVEL THE DIRT BACK AND NOBODY'LL EVER KNOW THE DIFFERENCE!



THE GRISLY TASK OF EXHUMING THE CORPSE IS COMPLETED WITHIN A FEW MINUTES...

NINE DAYS OF HUNGER CAUSES OUR "FRIENDS" TO MAKE SHORT WORK OF THEIR FEAST...



WAIT FOR ME!

AT LAST! AT LAST!

OH, NO... NO!



YOU WUZ RIGHT,
HANK! VAMPIRES!
THEY'RE VAMPIRES!

GET 'EM!
KILL
'EM!



Y-YER
NUTS?
WE...

D-DON'T
COME NEAR
US! I WARN
YOU, HANK!

WE DON'T HAVE TO
COME NEAR YOU, MARTHA!
YOU'VE ALREADY SIGNED
YER OWN **DEATH**
WARRANT!

WHAT'RE
YOU
TALKING
ABOUT?

H-HENRY...MY
S-STOMACH...
ON... **FIRE!**

**BUT AS HENRY MOVES TOWARD HIS WIFE, HE TOO IS
STRICKEN WITH THE SAME SEARING SENSATION IN
HIS CHEST...**

...THEY WRITHE AND TWIST IN PAIN... AND THEN
ALL IS QUIET... THEY MOVE NO MORE...



MARTHA,
I...

I DON'T
GET IT, HANK!
WHAT
HAPPENED?

YOU MIGHT CALL
IT **FOOD POISONING**,
BOB! INSTEAD OF **BLOOD**,
THEY WERE DRINKING
EMBALMING FLUID...
TOM'S BODY WAS
EMBALMED!

AGRRRR!

THE
END



THE GHOUL

■ It is, I confess, with considerable diffidence that I approach the strange narrative which I am about to relate. The events which I purpose detailing are of so extraordinary a character that I am quite prepared to meet with an unusual amount of incredulity and scorn. I accept all such beforehand. I have, I trust, the literary courage to face unbelief. I have, after mature consideration, resolved to narrate, in as simple and straightforward a manner as I can compass, some facts that passed under my observation, in the month of July last, and which, in the annals of the mysteries of physical science, are wholly unparalleled.

I live at number—Twenty-sixth Street, in New York. The house is in some respects a curious one. It has enjoyed for the last two years the reputation of being haunted. It is a large and stately residence,

surrounded by what was once a garden, but which is now only a green enclosure used for bleaching clothes. The dry basin of what has been a fountain, and a few fruit trees ragged and unpruned, indicate that this spot in past days was a pleasant, shady retreat, filled with fruits and flowers and the sweet murmur of waters.

The house is very spacious. A hall of noble size leads to a large spiral staircase winding through its center, while the various apartments are of imposing dimensions. It was built some fifteen or twenty years since by Mr. A.—, the well-known New York merchant, who five years ago threw the commercial world into convulsions by a stupendous bank fraud. Mr. A.—, as everyone knows, escaped to Europe, and died not long after, of a broken heart. Almost immediately after the news of his decease reached this country and was

verified, the report spread in Twenty-sixth Street that number—was haunted. Legal measures had dispossessed the widow of its former owner, and it was inhabited merely by a caretaker and his wife, placed there by the house agent into whose hands it had passed for purposes of renting or sale.

These people declared that they were troubled with unnatural noises. Doors were opened without any visible agency. The remnants of furniture scattered through the various rooms were, during the night, piled one upon the other by unknown hands. Invisible feet passed up and down the stairs in broad daylight, accompanied by the rustle of unseen silk dresses, and the gliding of viewless hands along the massive balusters. The caretaker and his wife declared they would live there no longer. The house agent laughed,



dismissed them, and put others in their place. The noises and supernatural manifestations continued. The neighborhood caught up the story, and the house remained untenanted for three years. Several persons negotiated for it; but, somehow, always before the bargain was closed they heard the unpleasant rumours and declined to treat any further.

It was in this state of things that my landlady, who at that time kept a boarding-house in Bleecker Street, and who wished to move farther up town, conceived the bold idea of renting number—Twenty-sixth Street. Happening to have in her house rather a plucky and philosophical set of boarders, she laid her scheme before us, stating candidly everything she had heard respecting the ghostly qualities of the establishment to which she wished to

remove us. With the exception of two timid persons—a sea-captain and a returned Californian, who immediately gave notice that they would leave—all of Mrs. Moffat's guests declared that they would accompany her in her chivalric incursion into the abode of spirits.

Our removal was effected in the month of May, and we were charmed with our new residence. The portion of Twenty-sixth Street where our house is situated, between Seventh and Eighth Avenues, is one of the pleasantest localities in New York. The gardens back of the houses, running down nearly to the Hudson, form, in the summer time, a perfect avenue of verdure. The air is pure and invigorating, sweeping, as it does, straight across the river from the Weehawken heights, and even the ragged garden which surrounded the house, although displaying on

washing days rather too much clothes-line, still gave us a piece of green-sward to look at, and a cool retreat in the summer evenings, where we smoked our cigars in the dusk, and watched the fireflies flashing their dark lanterns in the long grass.

Of course we had no sooner established ourselves at number—than we began to expect the ghosts. We absolutely awaited their advent with eagerness. Our dinner conversation was supernatural. One of the boarders, who had purchased Mrs. Crowe's *Night Side of Nature* for his own private delectation, was regarded as a public enemy by the entire household for not having bought twenty copies. The man led a life of supreme wretchedness while he was reading this volume. A system of espionage was established, of which he was the victim. If he incautiously

laid the book down for an instant and left the room, it was immediately seized and read aloud in secret places to a select few. I found myself a person of immense importance, it having leaked out that I was tolerably well versed in the history of supernaturalism, and had once written a story the foundation of which was a ghost. If a table or a wainscot panel happened to warp when we were assembled in the large drawing-room, there was an instant silence, and every one was prepared for an immediate clanking of chains and a spectral form.

After a month of psychological excitement, it was with the utmost dissatisfaction that we were forced to acknowledge that nothing in the remotest degree approaching the

supernatural had manifested itself. Once the butler asseverated that his candle had been blown out by some invisible agency while he was undressing himself for the night; but as I had more than once discovered this gentleman in a condition when one candle must have appeared to him like two, I thought it possible—that, by going a step farther in his potations, he might have reversed this phenomenon, and seen no candle at all where he ought to have beheld one.

Things were in this state when an incident took place so awful and inexplicable in its character that my reason fairly reels at the bare memory of the occurrence. It was the tenth of July. After dinner was over I repaired, with my friend Dr. Hammond, to the garden to smoke my evening pipe.

While smoking, we carefully steered our conversation through the brightest and calmest channels of thought. We talked of the East, and endeavored to recall the magical

panorama of its glowing scenery. We criticized the most sensuous poets—those who painted life ruddy with health, brimming with passion, happy in the possession of youth and strength and beauty. If we talked of Shakespeare's 'Tempest,' we lingered over Ariel, and avoided Caliban. Like the Guebers, we turned our faces to the east, and saw only the sunny side of the world.

The skilful coloring of our train of thought produced in our subsequent visions a corresponding tone. The splendors of Arabian fairyland dyed our dreams. We paced that narrow strip of grass with the tread and port of kings. The songs of the *rana arborea*, while he clung to the bark of the ragged plum tree, sounded like the strains of divine musicians. Houses, walls, and streets melted like rain clouds, and vistas of unimaginable glory stretched away before us. It was a rapturous companionship. We enjoyed the vast delight more perfectly because, even in our most ecstatic moments, we were conscious of each other's presence. Our pleasures, while individual, were still twin, vibrating and moving in musical accord.

On the evening in question, the tenth of July, the doctor and myself



drifted into an unusually metaphysical mood. We had talked some time upon the proneness of the human mind to mysticism, and the almost universal love of the terrible, when Hammond suddenly said to me, "What do you consider to be the greatest element of terror?"

The question puzzled me. That many things were terrible, I knew. Stumbling over a corpse in the dark; beholding, as I once did, a woman floating down a deep and rapid river, with wildly lifted arms, and awful, upturned face, uttering, as she drifted, shrieks that rent one's heart, while we, the spectators, stood frozen at a window which overhung the river at a height of sixty feet, unable to make the slightest effort to save her, but dumbly watching her last supreme agony and her disappearance. A shattered wreck, with no life visible, encountered floating listlessly on the ocean, is a terrible object, for it suggests a huge terror, the proportions of which are veiled. But it now struck me, for the first time, that there must be one great and ruling embodiment of fear—a King of Terrors, to which all others must succumb. What might it be? To what train of circumstances would it owe its existence?

"I confess, Hammond," I replied to my friend, "I never considered the subject before. That there must be one Something more terrible than any other thing, I feel. I cannot at-

tempt, however, even the most vague definition."

"I am somewhat like you, Harry," he answered. "I feel my capacity to experience a terror greater than anything yet conceived by the human mind—something combining in fearful and unnatural amalgamation of hitherto supposed incompatible elements. The calling of the voices in Brockden Brown's novel of *Wieland* is awful; so is the picture of the Dweller of the Threshold, in Bulwer's *Zanoni*, but," he added; shaking his head gloomily, "there is something more horrible still than these."

"Look here, Hammond," I rejoined, "let us drop this kind of talk, for heaven's sake! We shall suffer for it, depend on it."

"I don't know what's the matter with me tonight," he replied, "but my brain is running upon all sort of weird and awful thoughts. I feel as if I could write a story like Hoffman, tonight, if I were only master of literary style."

"Well, if we are going to be Hoffmanesque in our talk, I'm off to bed. Drink and nightmares should never be brought together. How sultry it is! Good night, Hammond."

"Good night, Harry. Pleasant dreams to you."

"To you, gloomy wretch, afreets, ghouls, and enchanters."

We parted and each sought his respective chamber. I undressed quickly and got into bed, taking with me, according to my usual custom, a book, over which I generally read myself to sleep. I opened the volume as soon as I laid my head upon the pillow, and instantly flung it to the other side of the room. It was Goudon's *History of Monsters*, a curious French work, which I had lately imported from Paris, but which, in the state of mind I had then reached was anything but an agreeable companion. I resolved to go to sleep at once; so, turning down my gas until nothing but a little blue point of light glimmered on the top of the tube, I composed myself to rest.

The room was in total darkness. The atom of gas that still remained alight did not illuminate a distance of three inches round the burner. I desperately drew my arm across my eyes, as if to shut out even the darkness, and tried to think of nothing. It was in vain. The confounded themes touched on by

Hammond in the garden kept obtruding themselves on my brain. I battled against them. I erected ramparts of would-be blankness of intellect to keep them out. They still crowded upon me. While I was lying still as a corpse, hoping that by a perfect physical inaction I should hasten mental repose, an awful incident occurred. A Something dropped, as it seemed, from the ceiling, plump upon my chest, and the next instant I felt two bony hands encircling my throat, endeavoring to choke me.

I am no coward, and am possessed of considerable physical strength. The suddenness of the attack, instead of stunning me, strung every nerve to its highest tension. My body acted from instinct, before my brain had time to realize the terrors of my position. In an instant I wound two muscular arms around the creature, and squeezed it, with all the strength of despair, against my chest. In a few seconds the bony hands had fastened on my throat loosened their hold, and I was free to breathe once more. Then commenced a struggle of awful intensity. Immersed in the most profound darkness, totally ignorant of the nature of the Thing by which I was so suddenly attacked, finding my grasp slipping every moment, by reason, it seemed to me, of the entire nakedness of my assailant, bitten with sharp teeth in the shoulder, neck, and chest, having every moment to protect my throat against a pair of sinewy, agile hands, which my utmost efforts could not confine—these were a combination of circumstances to combat which required all the strength, skill, and courage that I possessed.

At last, after a silent, deadly exhausting struggle, I got my assailant under by a series of incredible efforts of strength. Once pinned with my knee on what I made out to be its chest, I knew that I was victor. I rested for a moment to breathe. I heard the creature beneath me panting in the darkness, and felt the violent throbbing of a heart. It was apparently as exhausted as I was; that was one comfort. At this moment I remembered that I usually placed under my pillow, before going to bed, a large yellow silk pocket handkerchief. I felt for it instantly; it was there. In a few seconds more I



had, after a fashion, pinioned the creature's arms.

I now felt tolerably secure. There was nothing more to be done but to turn on the gas, and, having first seen what my midnight assailant was like, arouse the household. I will confess to being actuated by a certain pride in not giving the alarm before; I wished to make the capture alone and unaided.

Never losing my hold for an instant, I slipped from the bed to the floor, dragging my captive with me. I had but a few steps to make to reach the gas burner; these I made with the greatest caution, holding the creature in a grip like a vice. At last I got within arm's length of the tiny speck of blue light which told me where the gas burner lay. Quick as lightning I released my grasp with one hand and led on the full flood of light. Then I turned to look at my captive.

I cannot even attempt to give any definition of my sensations the instant after I turned on the gas. I suppose I must have shrieked with terror, for in less than a minute afterwards my room was crowded with the inmates of the house. I shudder now as I think of that awful moment. I *saw nothing!* Yes; I had one arm firmly clasped round a breathing, panting, corporal shape, my other hand gripped with all its strength a throat as warm, and apparently fleshly, as my own; and yet with this living substance in my grasp, with its body pressed against my own, and all in the bright glare of a large jet of gas, I absolutely beheld nothing! Not even an outline—a vapor!

I do not, even at this hour, realize the situation in which I found myself. I cannot recall the astounding incident thoroughly. Imagination in vain tries to compass the awful paradox.

It breathed. I felt its warm breath upon my cheek. It struggled fiercely. It had hands. They clutched me. Its skin was smooth, like my own. There it lay, pressed close up against me, solid as stone—and yet utterly invisible!

I wonder that I did not faint or go mad on the instant. Some wonderful instinct must have sustained me; for, absolutely, in place of loosening my hold on the terrible Enigma, I seemed to gain an additional strength in my moment of horror, and

tightened my grasp with such wonderful force that I felt the creature shivering with agony.

Just then Hammond entered my room at the head of the household. As soon as he beheld my face—which, I suppose, must have been an awful sight to look at—he hastened forward, crying, "Great heaven, Harry! what has happened?"

"Hammond! Hammond!" I cried, "come here. Oh, this is awful! I have been attacked in bed by something or other, which I have hold of; but I can't see it—I can't see it!"

Hammond, doubtless struck by the unfeigned horror expressed in my countenance, made one or two steps forward with an anxious yet puzzled expression. A very audible titter burst from the remainder of my visitors. This suppressed laughter made me furious. To laugh at a human being in my position! It was the worst species of cruelty. Now, I can understand why the appearance of a man struggling violently, as it would seem, with an airy nothing, and calling for assistance against a vision, should have appeared ludicrous. Then, so great was my rage against the mocking crowd that had I the power I would have stricken them dead where they stood.

"Hammond! Hammond!" I cried again despairingly, "for God's sake come to me. I can hold the—the Thing but a short while longer. It is overpowering me. Help me! Help me!"

"Don't you see how it shakes my whole frame with its struggles? If you don't believe me, convince yourself. Feel it—touch it."

Hammond advanced and laid his hand in the spot I indicated. A wild cry of horror burst from him. He had felt it!

In a moment he had discovered somewhere in my room a long piece of cord, and was the next instant winding it and knotting it about the body of the unseen being that I clasped in my arms.

"Harry," he said in a hoarse, agitated voice, for, though he preserved his presense of mind, he was deeply moved, "Harry, it's all safe now. You may let go, old fellow, if you're tired. The Thing can't move."

I was utterly exhausted, and I gladly loosed my hold.

Hammond stood holding the ends

of the cord that bound the Invisible, twisted round his hand, while before him, self-supporting as it were, he beheld a rope laced and interlaced, and stretching tightly around a vacant space. I never saw a man look so thoroughly stricken with awe. Nevertheless his face expressed all the courage and determination which I knew him to possess. His lips, although white, were set firmly, and one could perceive at a glance that, although stricken with fear, he was not daunted.

The confusion that ensued among the guests of the house who were witnesses of this extraordinary scene between Hammond and myself—who beheld the pantomime of binding this struggling Something—who beheld me almost sinking from physical exhaustion when my task of jailer was over—the confusion and terror that took possession of the bystanders, when they saw all this, was beyond description. The weaker ones fled from the apartment. The few who remained clustered near the door and could not be induced to approach Hammond and his Charge. Still incredulity broke out through their terror. They had not the courage to satisfy themselves, and yet they doubted. It was in vain that I begged of some of the men to come near and convince themselves by touch of the existence in that room of a living being which was invisible. They were incredulous but did not dare to deceive themselves. How could a solid, living, breathing body be invisible, they asked. My reply was this. I gave a sign to Hammond, and both of us—conquering our fearful repugnance to touch the invisible creature—lifted it from the ground, manéled as it was, and took it to my bed. Its weight was about that of a boy of fourteen.

"Now, my friends," I said, as Hammond and myself held the creature suspended over the bed, "I can give you self-evident proof that here is a solid, ponderable body, which, nevertheless, you cannot see. Be good enough to watch the surface of the bed attentively."

I was astonished at my own courage in treating this strange event so calmly; but I had recovered from my first terror, and felt a sort of scientific pride in the affair, which dominated every other feeling.



The eyes of the bystanders were immediately fixed on my bed. At a given signal Hammond and I let the creature, fall. There was the dull sound of a heavy body alighting on a soft mass. The timbers of the bed creaked. A deep impression marked itself distinctly on the pillow, and on the bed itself. The crowd who witnessed this gave a low cry, and rushed from the room. Hammond and I were left alone with our Mystery.

We remained silent for some time, listening to the low, irregular breathing of the creature on the bed, and watching the rustle of the bedclothes as it impotently struggled to free itself from confinement. Then Hammond spoke.

"Harry, this is awful."

"Ay, awful."

"But not unaccountable."

"Not unaccountable! What do you mean? Such a thing has never occurred since the birth of the world. I know not what to think, Hammond. God grant that I am not mad, and that this is not an insane fantasy!"

"Let us reason a little, Harry. Here is a solid body which we touch, but which we cannot see. The fact is so unusual that it strikes us with terror. Is there no parallel, though, for such a phenomenon? Take a piece of pure glass. It is tangible and transparent. A certain chemical coarseness is all that prevents its being so entirely transparent as to be totally invisible. It is not *theoretically impossible*, mind you, to make a glass which shall not reflect a single ray of light—a glass so pure and homogeneous in its atoms that the rays from the sun will pass through it as they do through the air, refracted but not reflected. We do not see the air, and yet we feel it."

"That's all very well, Hammond, but these are inanimate substances. Glass does not breathe, air does not breathe. *This* thing has a heart that palpitates—a will that moves it—lungs that play and inspire and respire."



"You forget the phenomena of which we have so often heard of late," answered the Doctor, gravely. "At the meetings called 'spirit circles,' invisible hands have been thrust into the hands of those persons round the table—warm, fleshy hands that seemed to pulsate with mortal life."

"What? Do you think, then, that this thing is . . ."

"I don't know what it is," was the solemn reply; "but please the gods I will, with your assistance thoroughly investigate it."

We watched together, smoking many pipes, all night long, by the bedside of the unearthly being that tossed and panted until it was apparently wearied out. Then we learned by the low, regular breathing that it slept.

The next morning the house was all astir. The boarders congregated on the landing outside my room, and Hammond and myself were lions. We had to answer a thousand questions as to the state of our extraordinary prisoner, for as yet not one person in the house except ourselves could be

induced to set foot in the apartment.

The creature was awake. This was evidenced by the convulsive manner in which the bedclothes were moved in its efforts to escape. There was something truly terrible in beholding, as it were, those second-hand indications of the terrible writhings and agonized struggles for liberty which themselves were invisible.

Hammond and myself had racked our brains during the long night to discover some means by which we might realize the shape and general appearance of the Enigma. As well as we could make out by passing our hands over the creature's form, its outlines and lineaments were human. There was a mouth; a round, smooth head without hair; a nose, which, however, was little elevated above the cheeks; and its hands and feet felt like those of a boy. At first we thought of placing the being on a smooth surface and tracing its outline with chalk, as shoemakers trace the



outline of the foot. This plan was given up as being of no value. Such an outline would give not the slightest idea of its conformation.

A happy thought struck me. We would take a cast of it in plaster of Paris. This would give us the solid figure, and satisfy all our wishes. But how to do it? The movements of the creature would disturb the setting of the plastic covering, and distort the mould. Another thought. Why not give it chloroform? It had respiratory organs—that was evident by its breathing. Once reduced to a state of insensibility, we could do with it what we would. Doctor X— was sent for; and after the worthy physician had recovered from the first shock of amazement he proceeded to administer the chloroform. In three minutes afterwards we were enabled to remove the fetters from the creature's body, and a modeller was busily engaged in covering the invisible form with the moist clay.

In five minutes more we had a mould, a mold, and before evening a rough facsimile of the Mystery. It was shaped like a man—distorted, uncouth, and horrible, but still a man. It was small, not over four feet and some inches in height, and its limbs revealed a muscular development that was unparalleled. Its face surpassed in hideousness anything I had ever seen. Gustave Dore, or Callot, of Tony Johannot never conceived anything so horrible. There is a face in one of the latter's illustrations to *Un Voyage ou il vous plaira* which somewhat approaches the countenance of this creature, but does not equal it. It was the physiognomy of what I should fancy a ghoul might be. It looked as if it was capable of feeding on human flesh.

Having satisfied our curiosity, and bound everyone in the house to secrecy, it became a question what was to be done with our Enigma? It was impossible that we should keep such a horror in our house; it was equally impossible that such an awful being should be let loose upon the world. I confess that I would have

gladly voted for the creature's destruction. But who would shoulder the responsibility? Who would undertake the execution of this horrible semblance of a human being? Day after day this question was deliberated gravely. The boarders all left the house. Mrs. Moffat was in despair, and threatened Hammond and myself with all sorts of legal penalties if we did not remove the Horror. Our answer was: "We will go if you like, but we decline taking this creature with us. Remove it yourself if you please. It appeared in your house. On you the responsibility rests." To this there was, of course, no answer. Mrs. Moffat could not obtain for love or money a person who would even approach the Maystery.

The most singular part of the affair was that we were entirely ignorant of what the creature habitually fed on. Everything in the way of nutriment that we could think of was placed before it, but was never touched. It was awful to stand by, day after day, and see the clothes toss, and hear the hard breathing, and know that it was starving.

Ten, twelve days, a fortnight passed, and it still lived. The pulsations of the heart, however, were daily growing fainter, and had now nearly ceased. It was evident that the creature was dying for want of sustenance. While this terrible life struggle was going on, I felt miserable, I could not sleep. Horrible as the creature was, it was pitiful to think of the pangs it was suffering.

At last it died. Hammond and I found it cold and stiff one morning in the bed. The heart had ceased to beat, the lungs to inspire. We hastened to bury it in the garden. It was a strange funeral, the dropping of that viewless corpse into the damp hole. The cast of its form I gave to Doctor X—, who keeps it in his museum in Tenth Street.

As I am on the eve of a long journey from which I may not return, I have drawn up this narrative of an event the most singular that has ever come to my knowledge.

HERE IS A — (CHUCKLE) — QUIETLY HORRIBLE TALE OF THE SOUTH SEAS, WHERE THE TRADE WINDS BLOW WARM AND MILD — AND THE BLOOD RUNS COLD! LOVE GOT ALL MIXED UP WITH HATE AND REVENGE AS A WITCH DOCTOR USED THE DARK LORE OF VODOO TO SEND A GHOST TEN THOUSAND MILES IN SEARCH OF VENGEANCE! SUCH THINGS SHOULDN'T HAPPEN TO A PRETTY GIRL LIKE PATTI LORING, WHO SANG A DREAD DIRGE CALLED THE CANNIBAL POLKA...



PATTI LORING, ON A WORLD CRUISE, SEES SOMETHING THAT INTERESTS HER...

HMMM — WHAT A HUNK OF MAN! WHY HAVEN'T I SEEN HIM AROUND BEFORE?

THAT'S JOE OWANI, A NATIVE! THEY KEEP PRETTY MUCH TO THEMSELVES, MISS LORING!

I'LL HAVE TO DO SOMETHING ABOUT THIS! UP TO NOW MY TRIP HAD BEEN PRETTY DULL, BUT MAYBE JOE OWANI CAN LIVEN THINGS UP A BIT! MMMM — HE IS BEAUTIFUL!



PATTI IS A VERY DETERMINED, IF RATHER SELFISH GIRL! SO NOT MUCH LATER...

THIS IS ALL SO LOVELY, JOE! I'M GOING TO HATE TO LEAVE THIS ISLAND!

I WILL HATE TO SEE YOU GO, MISS LORING!

DO YOU HAVE TO CALL ME MISS LORING? ALL MY FRIENDS CALL ME PATTI!

YOU ARE VERY BEAUTIFUL - PATTI! I MUST TELL YOU NOW - I HAVE FALL VERY MUCH IN LOVE WITH YOU!

SO THE NATURAL THING OCCURS...

I LOVE YOU, PATTI! I WILL NEVER LET YOU LEAVE THE ISLAND NOW! WE MUST BE TOGETHER ALWAYS!

I LOVE YOU TOO, JOE! KISS ME AGAIN - NEVER STOP KISSING ME!

BUT THERE IS ONE SLIGHT DIFFERENCE BETWEEN THE TWO...

YOU MUST COME TO MY VILLAGE, PATTI, AND MEET MY PEOPLE! AFTER ALL YOU'RE GOING TO MARRY ME AND LIVE HERE AMONG US!

AM I? WHAT A SIMPLE FOOL HE IS! BUT HE IS SO HANDSOME - AND THRILLING!

BUT PATTI, WHO SHOULD KNOW BETTER, CONTINUES TO PLAY WITH FIRE...

AT LAST YOU WILL MEET MY FATHER! HE HAS BEEN IMPATIENT SINCE I TOLD HIM OF US!

OF COURSE, DARLING! I'VE BEEN LOOKING FORWARD TO IT!

UNTIL SHE GETS HER FIRST DREADFUL SCARE...

HO - YOU ARE GIRL MY JOE WANT TO MARRY! IS NOT GOOD FOR JOE! VOODOO GODS TELL ME YOU ARE EVIL WOMAN!

OH! Y-YOU MEAN THIS HORRIBLE OLD THING IS YOUR FATHER, JOE? I - I FEEL SICK!

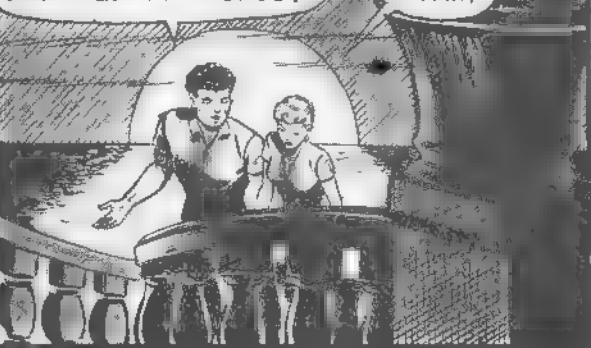
LATER AS JOE OWANI TRIES TO EXPLAIN...

BUT PATTI, DARLING, YOU DO NO UNDERSTAND! MY FATHER IS OLD AND HE THINKS AS MY PEOPLE USED TO THINK LONG AGO! I'M SORRY HE INSULTED YOU, BUT HE BELIEVES IN VOODOO!

VOODOO! UGH! AND THAT HORRIBLE-LOOKING MASK HE WORE!

WE MUSTN'T LET THIS MAKE ANY DIFFERENCE FOR US! YOU WILL COME TO UNDERSTAND MY PEOPLE AFTER A TIME!

PERHAPS! BUT I'M VERY TIRED NOW, JOE! AND MY HEAD IS SPLITTING! I MUST GO IN!



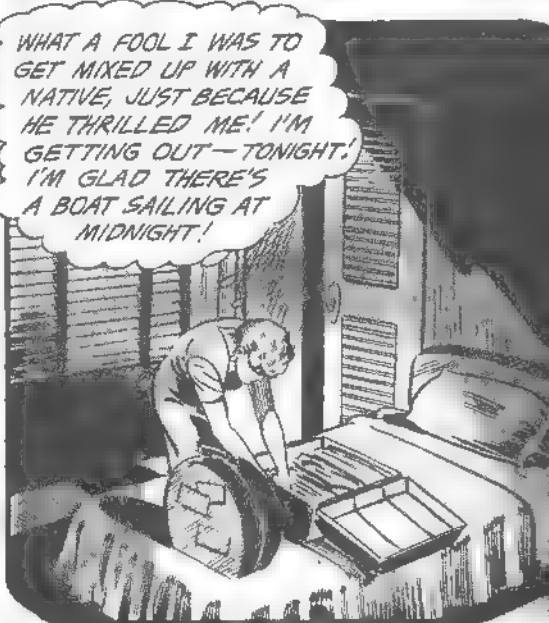
I WILL SEE YOU IN THE MORNING, PATTI! NOW I GO TO TALK WITH MY FATHER, TO MAKE HIM SEE THAT HE IS WRONG ABOUT YOU!

YES—DARLING! SEE YOU IN THE MORNING!

YOU FOOL! I'LL NEVER SEE YOU AGAIN!



WHAT A FOOL I WAS TO GET MIXED UP WITH A NATIVE, JUST BECAUSE HE THRILLED ME! I'M GETTING OUT—TONIGHT! I'M GLAD THERE'S A BOAT SAILING AT MIDNIGHT!



BUT THINGS ARE NOT QUITE THAT EASY...

WHERE ARE YOU GOING, PATTI? I THINK YOU ACT STRANGE, SO I COME BACK TO WATCH!

JOE! Y—YOU'VE BEEN SPYING ON ME! HOW DARE YOU!

YOU THINK YOU CAN MAKE FOOL OF ME? MY PEOPLE WILL LAUGH AT JOE IF YOU RUN AWAY NOW AND NOT MARRY ME! YOU STAY OR I LOSE HONOR IN MY VILLAGE!

LET ME GO, YOU SILLY FOOL! I DON'T CARE WHAT YOUR MISERABLE PEOPLE THINK!

THAT'S WHAT I THINK OF YOU! I WAS JUST PLAYING WITH YOU BECAUSE I WAS BORED! NOW RUN BACK TO YOUR STUPID VILLAGE, YOU—NATIVE!

AHH! YOU SLAP JOE!



AS PATTI SAILS ON THE MIDNIGHT BOAT, THERE IS A STRANGE AND SINISTER DRUMMING FROM THE NATIVE VILLAGE...

LISTEN TO THOSE DRUMS, MISS LORING! SOMETHING SEEMS TO HAVE UPSET THE NATIVES! THOSE DRUMS MEAN TROUBLE FOR SOMEBODY!

I WISH THEY WOULD STOP! THEY GET ON MY NERVES!



BUT THE SULLEN MUTTER OF THE DRUMS, A DIRGE OF DISASTER, SEEMS TO FOLLOW PATTI FAR OUT TO SEA...

WHY DON'T THEY STOP? WE'RE MILES OUT TO SEA BY NOW, BUT I CAN STILL HEAR THEM! BUT I MUSTN'T BE SILLY, MUSTN'T LET THEM FRIGHTEN ME! AFTER ALL, I'M SAFE NOW!



FOR A WEEK AFTER HER RETURN TO THE STATES EVERYTHING GOES WELL! PATTI ALMOST FORGETS JOE OWANI AND THE DRUMS UNTIL ONE NIGHT...

GOOD NIGHT, PATTI! IT WAS AS SWELL PARTY!

I'LL CALL YOU, PATTI, DEAR! THANKS!

GOOD-NIGHT, EVERYONE! I'M GOING STRAIGHT TO BED! I'M DEAD!



A FEW MINUTES LATER — PATTI HEARS A DREADFUL, UNDULATING RHYTHM GROWING GRADUALLY LOUDER AND LOUDER...

**BOOM
BOOM
BOOM**

DRUMS! THOSE AWFUL NATIVE DRUMS AGAIN! BUT I CAN'T BE HEARING THEM, NOT IN THIS ROOM! MUST BE AN ILLUSION OF SOME SORT!



TEALTHILY, AS THOUGH SUMMONED BY THE MUTED THUNDER OF OMINOUS DRUMS, A SAVAGE FIGURE APPEARS...

EEEEEEEEE—
JOE OWANI!
B-BUT HOW—?

DO NOT ASK ME HOW, WOMAN! MY FATHER HAS GREAT VOODOO AND SENDS MY SPIRIT IMAGE ACROSS THE WORLD! YOU SEE ME NOW AS I SHOULD ALWAYS HAVE BEEN—A WARRIOR OF MY PEOPLE!



YOU HAVE BROUGHT ME DISHONOR AND MY PEOPLE ARE PROUD! I ALSO AM PROUD! MY FATHER, THROUGH HIS MAGIC, SENDS ME TO TELL YOU THAT YOU WILL NOT FIND PEACE AGAIN UNTIL THIS WRONG HAS BEEN PAID FOR! UNTIL THEN THE DRUMS WILL SOUND IN YOUR EARS!



THE GHOST OF JOE OWANI FADES AWAY AND FINALLY PATTI FINDS SLEEP! THE NEXT MORNING...

I M-MUST HAVE DREAMED IT! THERE WERE NO DRUMS—NO GHOST! IT'S JUST THAT MY NERVES ARE STILL UPSET OVER WHAT HAPPENED ON THAT DREADFUL ISLAND!



BUT AGAIN THAT NIGHT... THERE IS NO PEACE FOR YOU UNTIL YOU RIGHT THE WRONG YOU DID MY HONOR! UNTIL THEN MY SPIRIT IMAGE WILL HAUNT YOU!

BOOM
BOOM
BOOM

Y—YOU AGAIN! GO AWAY, STOP TORMENTING ME! AAAAA—



AND THE NIGHT AFTER THAT—AND AGAIN AND AGAIN UNTIL IN DESPERATION, PATTI GOES TO THE BEST PSYCHIATRIST IN TOWN...

I'M AFRAID YOU'RE IN VERY SERIOUS TROUBLE, MISS LORING! THIS GHOST, THIS SPIRIT IMAGE WHICH APPEARS TO YOU AS JOE OWANI, IS A FIGMENT OF YOUR IMAGINATION! BUT ONLY IN A SENSE! IT HAS REALITY, TOO!

I DON'T UNDERSTAND YOU! CAN'T YOU HELP ME, DO SOMETHING! I CAN'T SLEEP, EAT—I'M GOING MAD!



THE GHOST IS A MANIFESTATION OF YOUR OWN CONSCIENCE, MISS LORING! YOU KNOW, DEEP IN YOUR SUBCONSCIOUS, THAT YOU ACTED CRUELLY! I'M AFRAID YOU'LL FIND NO PEACE UNTIL YOU PUT MATTERS RIGHT!



SO ONCE MORE PATTI LORING HEARS THE RUMBLE OF THE TRIBAL DRUMS AS SHE APPROACHES JOE'S VILLAGE...

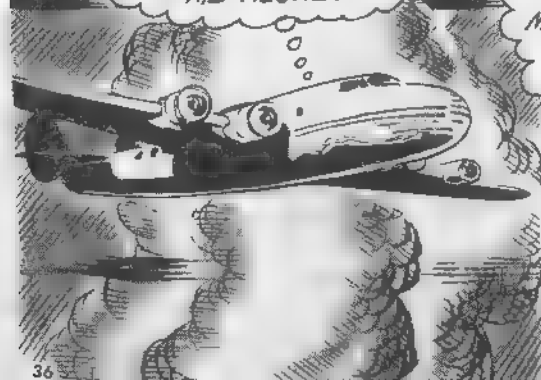
I'LL GO BACK TO THE ISLAND AND FIND JOE! I'LL BEG HIM TO FORGIVE ME, GET ON MY KNEES IF I HAVE TO! THEN MAYBE THE GHOST WILL LEAVE ME ALONE!

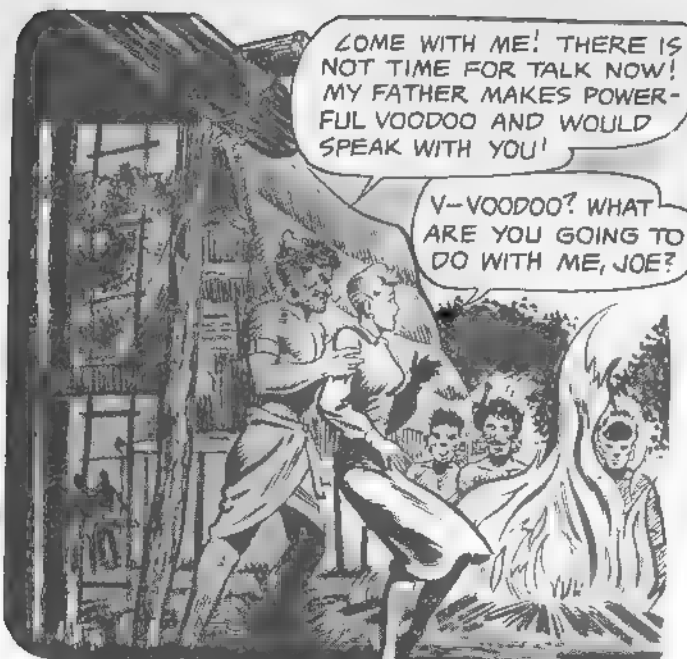
I'LL FIND JOE AT ONCE AND TELL HIM HOW SORRY I AM! I—I'LL EVEN MARRY HIM IF I MUST! ANYTHING IS BETTER THAN THIS TORMENT!

SUDDENLY...

SO YOU COME AT LAST! I WAS EXPECT YOU WOULD!

EEEEEE—JOE! Y—YOU FRIGHTENED ME! BUT I MUST TALK TO YOU!





COME WITH ME! THERE IS NOT TIME FOR TALK NOW! MY FATHER MAKES POWERFUL VOODOO AND WOULD SPEAK WITH YOU!

V-VOODOO? WHAT ARE YOU GOING TO DO WITH ME, JOE?



HOEEEE— YOU RETURN, EVIL WOMAN! NOW YOU WILL MARRY MY SON AND RESTORE HIS HONOR! I ORDER YOU TO OBEY THE WILL OF THE VOODOO GODS! KALUBI!

I— YES! ANYTHING!

OHH—I FEEL SO FUNNY! AS IF I WERE GOING TO FAINT!

PATTI FEELS HERSELF SINKING INTO A DARK ABYSS! AS SHE FLOATS AWAY, THE GROWLING THUNDER OF THE DRUMS MOUNTS AND MOUNTS...

HOURS LATER, PATTI SWIMS OUT OF THE MIASMA OF FEAR TO FIND HERSELF IN A STRANGE PLACE...



OHH—I WILL OBEY THE DRUMS! THEY ARE SPEAKING TO ME! I MUST HEED THE DRUMS—THE DRUMS!

JOE! W-WHERE AM I? WHAT ARE WE DOING IN THIS CANOE?

YOU ARE MY WIFE NOW! WE GO TO THE SACRED ISLE WHERE WE MUST PERFORM AN ANCIENT CEREMONY! YOU HAVE SLEPT LONG!

MARRIED! B-BUT I DON'T REMEMBER...

NO, YOU DO NOT REMEMBER! YOU WERE SLEEPING THE VOODOO SLEEP MY FATHER SUMMONED WITH HIS MAGIC! BUT YOU ARE MY WIFE NOW—AND THE WRONG YOU DID HAS ALMOST BEEN PAID FOR!

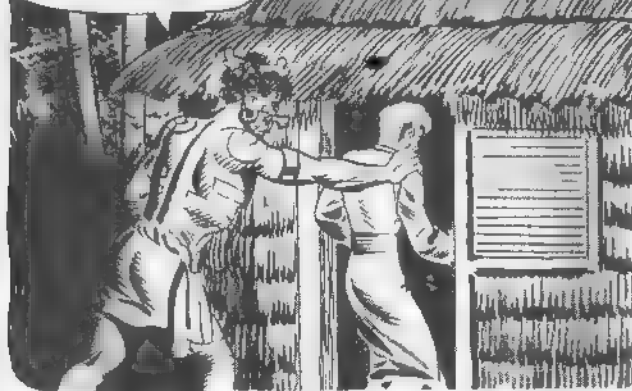
ALMOST PAID FOR? Y-YOU MEAN THAT THERE'S SOMETHING ELSE? JUST MARRYING ME WASN'T ENOUGH?

NO! MY PEOPLE DO NOT FORGET AN INSULT EASILY! BUT YOU WILL SEE SOON ENOUGH!

JOE OWANI LEADS PATTI TO A SMALL HUT DEEP IN THE JUNGLE...

YOU WILL FIND A CEREMONIAL COSTUME HERE! PUT IT ON! I WILL BE NEARBY!

YES! ANYTHING Y-YOU SAY!



JOE IS ACTING SO STRANGELY, BUT I'M SAFE NOW! I'VE MARRIED HIM AND HE AND HIS SILLY OLD FATHER WILL BE SATISFIED!



WHAT ARE WE GOING TO DO NOW, JOE? WHAT IS THE CEREMONY WE HAVE TO GO THROUGH?

YOU WILL SEE! COME!



JOE! THOSE S-SKULLS! WHAT SORT OF HORRIBLE PLACE IS THIS?

AN ANCIENT FEASTING PLACE OF MY ANCESTORS! HERE WE FOLLOW OUR OWN CUSTOMS AND DO NOT HEED THE WHITE MAN'S LAW! NOW I WILL HAVE MY TRUE REVENGE!



NO! LET ME GO! W-WHAT ARE YOU DOING TO ME, JOE? EEEEEEEEEEE-

THERE IS ONE THING I HAVE NOT TOLD YOU, WOMAN! IN THE OLD DAYS MY PEOPLE WERE -

CANNIBALS!

NO-AHHHHHH-

YES-HAH-HAH-HAH-HAH



AND SO WE SAIL AWAY INTO THE TROPIC MOONLIGHT, LEAVING BEHIND US THE BEAUTIFUL GREEN SHORES WHERE THE PALMS SWAY IN THE BREEZE AND THE AIR IS FULL OF SCREAMS

MONSTER

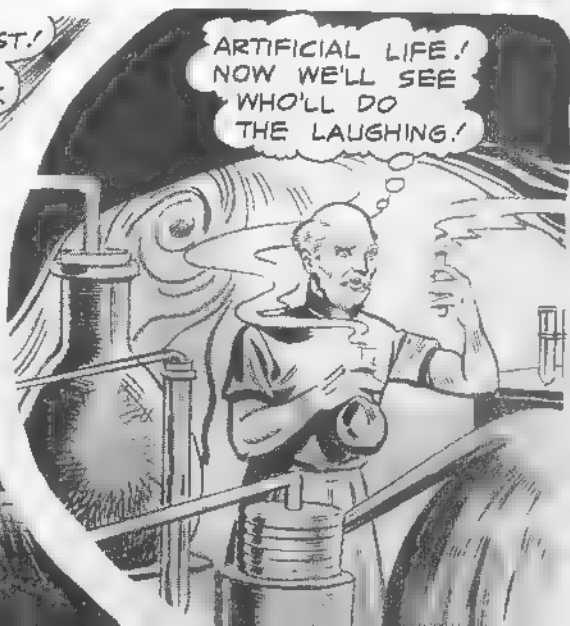


THOSE WHO DARE TAMPER WITH THE MYSTERY OF LIFE OFT TIMES LIVE TO REGRET THEIR IMPUDENCE... BUT MORE OFTEN THEY DIE AND TAKE THEIR TERRIFYING SECRETS WITH THEM. WHAT WAS TO HAPPEN IN THIS FEARFUL CASE?

BEATEN BY THE RIDICULE OF HIS COLLEAGUES OVER HIS COUNTLESS FAILURES IN SCIENTIFIC EXPERIMENTS, PROFESSOR HANSON AND HIS FAITHFUL DAUGHTER CINDY MOVED TO A MOUNTAIN RETREAT...



AT LONG LAST, I KNOW IT WILL WORK THIS TIME.



ARTIFICIAL LIFE! NOW WE'LL SEE WHO'LL DO THE LAUGHING!

EXPERIMENTS
TOOK AS MUCH
PATIENCE AS
TIME, BUT...

DADDY, IF I LET
YOU ALONE YOU'D
NEVER EAT!
PLEASE STOP
FOR A
WHILE!

CINDY, YOU
COULDN'T HAVE
PICKED A
WORSE TIME!



IF HE ONLY KNEW WHAT I
REALLY THINK OF HIS POOR
TESTS! I'LL NEVER BE-
LIEVE IN SUCH EXPERIMENTS!



WHILE IN
A NEARBY
CITY WHERE
LIFE WAS
CONCERNED
WITH
OTHER
THINGS,
THE
EDITOR
OF A
LOCAL
NEWSPAPER
HIT UPON
WHAT HE
CONSIDERED
AN
EXCELLENT
IDEA...

YES, JACK, HUMAN
INTEREST FEATURES,
THAT'S WHAT WE
NEED...LIKE WHAT
BECAME OF PRO-
FESSOR HANSON,
FOR INSTANCE...

THE ONE
WHO WORKED
ON
ARTIFICIAL
LIFE?



HAVE A HEART, BOSS!
WHY WASTE GOOD
SPACE ON A STORY
ABOUT A
CRACK-POT?



I DIDN'T ASK FOR
AN OPINION, JACK,
I WANT A STORY!
EITHER YOU
GO AND GET
IT, OR...

YOU WIN! BUT,
SO HELP ME,
MY HEART
ISN'T IN
THIS JOB!



IT DIDN'T TAKE JACK SLATE
LONG TO LOCATE THE PROFES-
SOR'S HIDEAWAY AND START
OUT FOR HIS STORY...

A NICE NIGHT
TO STAY HOME,
BUT I HAVE TO
DRIVE AROUND
IN THIS
DOWNPOUR...



CINDY ANSWERED THE INSTANT KNOCKING AT THE DOOR OF HER HOME, BUT THERE WAS NO SMILE OF WELCOME AS SHE ADDRESSED THE STRANGER...



WHAT DO YOU WANT?

I-I ALMOST FORGOT!

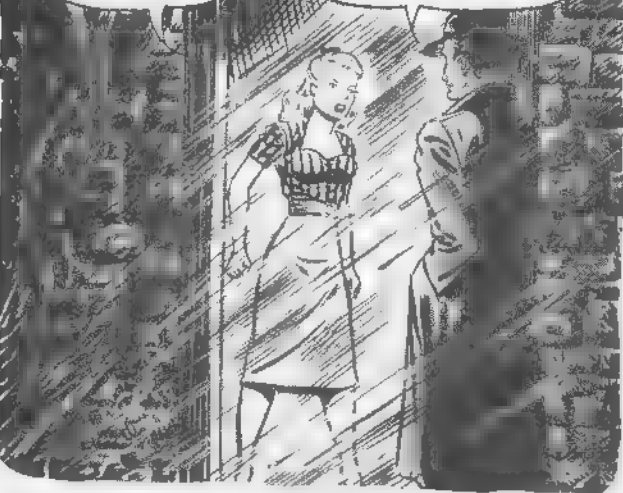
ONLY JOKING! BUT THE WAY YOU SNAPPED AT ME... I WANT A STORY ON THE PROFESSOR. IS HE HOME?

MY FATHER DOESN'T SEE REPORTERS!



NOW MOVE ON! YOU PEOPLE HAVE DONE ENOUGH TO HIM ALREADY!

I'M NOT TRYING TO DO HIM AN INJUSTICE, MISS. I ONLY WANT A HUMAN INTEREST STORY!



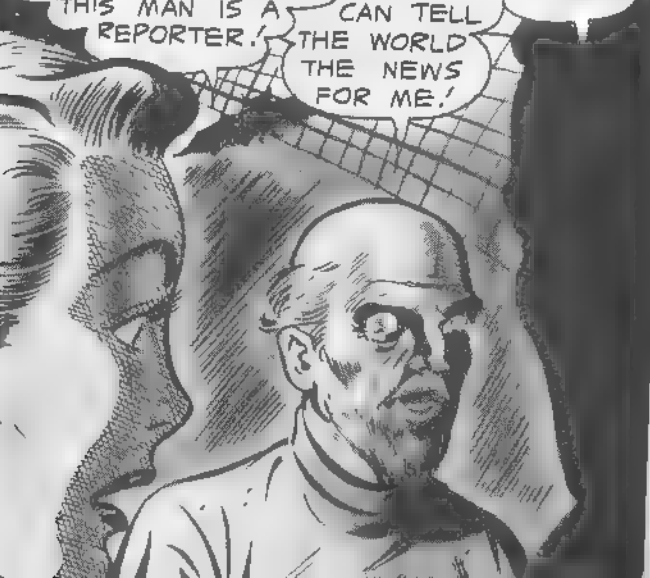
CINDY! I'VE DONE IT! LIFE HAS STARTED! OH, WHO IS THIS?

HELLO, PROFESSOR!



DON'T TALK, FATHER! THEN HE CAN TELL THIS MAN IS A REPORTER! THE WORLD THE NEWS FOR ME!

GOOD!



THE ELATED PROFESSOR, HIS ANXIOUS DAUGHTER AND THE AMUSED REPORTER MOVED INTO THE LABORATORY...



YOU SEE! IT MOVES!

T-THERE IS A MOVEMENT IN THE TANK!

WOW!

...AND JACK SLATE SENSED A TERRIFIC SCOOP...

DO YOU REALIZE WHAT A WONDERFUL THING YOU'VE DONE, SIR! IT'S UN-BELIEVABLE!



TO YOU, YES. BUT I KNEW I COULD GO THIS FAR...IT'S ONLY HALF WAY, THOUGH! WE MUST WAIT AND SEE IF IT WILL RETAIN THE ARTIFICIAL LIFE!



WON'T THE-- THE THING NEED FOOD?

YES. IT'S BEEN ON BLOOD PLASMA BUT FOR THE PAST FEW HOURS IT'S ACTED HUNGRY FOR SOMETHING MORE...



I'VE GOT TO TRY THIS RAW MEAT! NOW WE'LL SEE WHAT HAPPENS...



GONE! IT SEEMED TO FADE AWAY INTO THE MASS!

OH, DADDY THAT'S HORRIBLE!



HOW RIGHT YOU ARE! GIVES ONE CHILLS! DON'T YOU KNOW WHAT THAT MEANS?

Y-YES! I THINK SO!





IN A STRUGGLE FOR THE GUN PROFESSOR HANSON WAS TOSSED AGAINST THE TANK, AND THE SHATTERING OF GLASS FILLED THE ROOM...

IT'S GETTING LOOSE!

DON'T SHOOT T!

...ARTIFICIAL LIFE BROUGHT SUDDEN DEATH TO ITS CREATOR...



STAND BACK, CINDY...

IT'S TOO LATE...

BAM!
BAM!
BAM!

...BUT AS THE THING REACHED FOR NEW VICTIMS...



...LIFE REPAID ITSELF WITH DEATH FOR THREE BUT THE ACID DEVoured THE SECRET OF IT ALL...



...WHEN A SEARCH FOR JACK SLATE, REPORTER, TOOK PLACE, THE INVESTIGATORS DIDN'T FIND A SINGLE CLUE TO THE STRANGE DISAPPEARANCE OF ALL...

MAYBE THE CRAZY PROFESSOR DID AWAY WITH JACK...

THEN WHERE'S THE BODY? OR THE PROFESSOR OR EVEN HIS DAUGHTER?

I HAVE A FEELING WE'LL NEVER FIND THAT ANSWER, BOYS!



Gravestone for Grátis

IT WASN'T HUMAN—OR WAS IT? THIS CREATURE OF THE NIGHT, THIS HORROR ESCAPED FROM A NIGHTMARE, THAT PROWLED AMID THE DARK TOMBS, ITS FANGS READY TO RIP AND TEAR ANYTHING THAT STOOD IN ITS PATH! DOCTOR TED LAWRENCE WANTED TO FIND OUT THE ANSWERS, SO HE WENT TO A FRIGHTENED TOWN AND DARED TO SEEK OUT THE GRUESOME THING...



THERE HAS BEEN MUCH IN THE PAPERS LATELY ABOUT A GHOUL THAT HAS BEEN TERRORIZING THE LITTLE TOWN OF BANBURY IN UPSTATE NEW YORK! NOW...



I'LL TAKE A PAPER, PLEASE!

SURE, MISTER! READ ALL ABOUT THE GHOUL!

LATER...

THIS LOOKS LIKE MY CHANCE! ACCORDING TO DORRANCE'S BOOK, LEGEND OF GHOULS, A TRUE GHOUL APPEARS ONLY ONCE IN EVERY HUNDRED YEARS! I'M GOING TO BANBURY TONIGHT!



DR. LAWRENCE HAS BEEN A STUDENT OF THE SUPERNATURAL AND OCCULT FOR MANY YEARS AND HE IS DETERMINED THAT THIS CHANCE SHALL NOT ESCAPE HIM...

AT LEAST THE WEATHER IS IN MY FAVOR! IT'S BLOWING UP A TERRIFIC STORM OUTSIDE!



HE LEAVES THE TRAIN AT BANBURY...

WHEW, WHAT A STORM! THAT LIGHTNING IS TERRIFIC! DOESN'T SEEM TO BE A SOUL AROUND, EITHER! THE QUESTION NOW IS— WHERE DO I SPEND THE NIGHT?

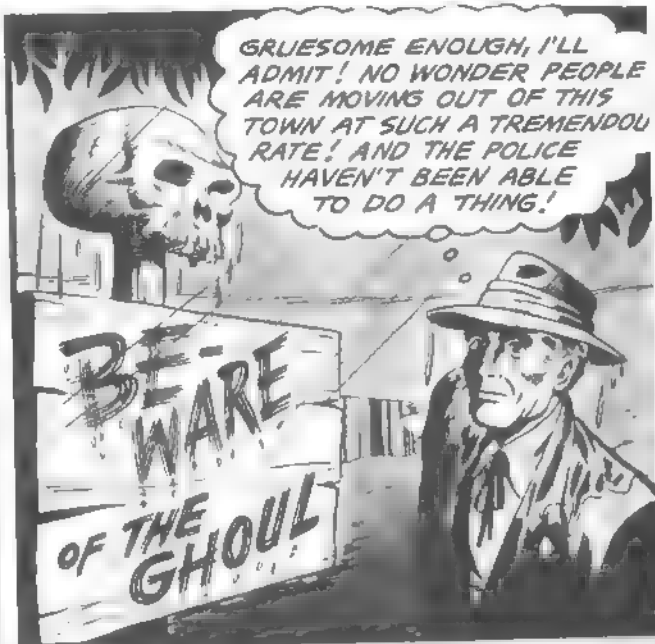


AS HE WALKS DOWN THE LONELY, ILL-LIGHTED STREET, HE PASSES A GRAVEYARD...

HMMM— THIS MUST BE WHERE THE GHOUL HAS BEEN SEEN! UGH— IT'S EERIE ENOUGH TONIGHT! SAY, WHAT'S THAT SIGN?



GRUESOME ENOUGH, I'LL ADMIT! NO WONDER PEOPLE ARE MOVING OUT OF THIS TOWN AT SUCH A TREMENDOUS RATE! AND THE POLICE HAVEN'T BEEN ABLE TO DO A THING!



HE FINDS A HOUSE NEARBY...

SURE, MISTER, I'LL RENT YOU A

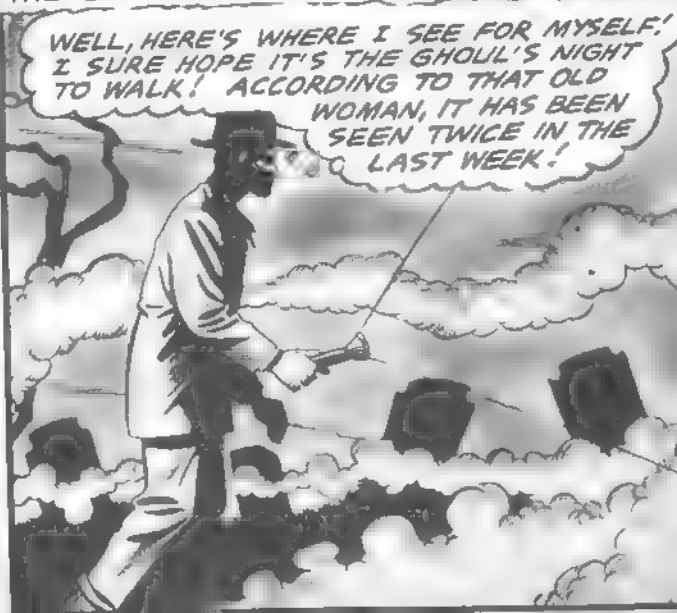
YES, I KNOW! THAT'S WHY I'M HERE! NOW IF I MAY SEE THE ROOM, PLEASE!

ROOM IF YOU'RE FOOL ENOUGH TO WANT TO STAY IN BANBURY! YOU KNOW ABOUT THE GHOUL, I SUPPOSE?



THE NEXT NIGHT, HE GOES TO THE GRAVEYARD AGAIN...

WELL, HERE'S WHERE I SEE FOR MYSELF! I SURE HOPE IT'S THE GHOUL'S NIGHT TO WALK! ACCORDING TO THAT OLD WOMAN, IT HAS BEEN SEEN TWICE IN THE LAST WEEK!



SUDDENLY...

HEY, SOMEONE, OR
SOMETHING, OVER
THERE BY THAT GRAVE!
IT C-CAN'T BE
ANYTHING BUT
THE GHOUL!

HE SEES A HORRIBLE, DROOLING MONSTER
PAWING FEVERISHLY AT THE EARTH OVER
A FRESH GRAVE...

IT IS THE
GHOUL!
TRYING TO
OPEN THAT
GRAVE!

UGHH-NNNN-
HUHHHHHHHH-

THOSE SOUNDS!
IT SEEMS ALMOST
LIKE IT'S CRYING,
SOBBING ABOUT
SOMETHING!
APPEARS TO BE
DISAPPOINTED!

SUDDENLY A STICK CRACKS
BENEATH THE MAN'S FOOT...

OH-OH! IT HEARD ME!
I'VE FRIGHTENED IT
AWAY FROM THE
GRAVE!

UHHHHHH-

CRACK

SOMEWHAT SURPRISED BY THE
TIMIDITY OF THE GROTESQUE-
LOOKING GHOUL, THE MAN
BEGINS THE CHASE...

WANNNN-
UNNNNNNN-
GUUUUUUU-

COME BACK,
YOU! WHAT-
EVER YOU
ARE! I'M NOT
GOING TO HURT
YOU, I PROMISE!

IT'S RUNNING INTO
THAT CHURCH! HMMM-
WONDER IF THAT COULD
BE ITS HIDING PLACE?
THE OLD LADY TOLD
ME THAT NOBODY WILL
GO NEAR THE CHAPEL
ANY MORE!

INSIDE THE MUSTY OLD CHAPEL,
DECKED WITH COBWEBS AND
HAUNTED BY A HUNDRED
SQUEALING BATS...

NOW WHERE DID IT GET TO?
BUT WAIT A MINUTE, HERE
ARE THE TRACKS OF IT'S

FEET IN THE
DUST! GOT
TO BE IN
HERE SOME-
PLACE!

AFTER A MOMENT OF LISTENING, HE SPLASHES THE LIGHT OVER THE INTERIOR OF THE ROTTING CHAPEL! STILL THERE IS A DEATHLY, WAITING SILENCE, AS OUTSIDE, THE WIND MOANS THROUGH THE TREES LIKE A DIRGE FOR THE DOOMED...

THEN, FROM OVERHEAD, THE GHOSTLY ECHOES OF A BELL...

THIS PLACE ISN'T EXACTLY A NERVE TONIC! BUT THAT THING SEEMS TO BE MORE AFRAID OF ME THAN I AM OF IT!



BONG

BO

BON

BON

THE CLOCK TOWER! IT MUST BE UP THERE! GOT TANGLED IN THE MECHANISM OR SOMETHING!



STEALTHILY HE GOES UP THE CREAKY OLD STEPS...

GOT TO BE CAREFUL NOW! THIS THING COULD BE VERY DANGEROUS IF IT'S CORNERED! BUT I'VE GOT TO GO THROUGH WITH IT! I MIGHT BE THE FIRST MAN EVER TO CAPTURE A REAL GHOUL!



CAREFULLY HE ENTERS THE FETID STENCH OF THE BELL TOWER, HIS NOSE WRINKLING IN DISGUST AT THE ODOR THAT ASSAILS IT...

UGH—THAT SMELL! THIS IS WHERE THE THING LIVES, SURE ENOUGH!



THE LIGHT FALLS SQUARELY ON THE DROOLING HORROR, BENT FORWARD LIKE AN APE, GLARING AT THE MAN WITH LITTLE RED EYES AND MOUTHING GIBBERISH...

UHH—IT ISN'T HUMAN, THAT'S FOR SURE! BUT

IT DOES SEEM TO BE TRYING TO TALK! I WONDER IF IT CAN UNDERSTAND ME AT ALL?

UHHHH—
GUUUUUU—
YUUUUUUUU—



WITH A SCREAM OF RAGE, THE THING RUSHES AT THE MAN, ITS EYES INFLAMED WITH HATE...

ARGGGG—
AGRRRRRRRRR!!!

YAAAAAA—
G—GOING TO
ATTACK ME!
THOSE F-FANGS
WILL TEAR ME
TO PIECES!



LASHING OUT FURIOUSLY IN SELF-DEFENSE, TED LAWRENCE FINDS TO HIS SURPRISE THAT HE IS MUCH THE STRONGER OF THE TWO...

WHY, IT'S WEAK! SO WEAK IT CAN HARDLY STAND UP! HA-HA-HA-IT WANTS TO HURT ME, BUT IT JUST HASN'T GOT THE STRENGTH!

UHHHHH-
UNNGGGG-



YES, THE POOR DEVIL ACTS AS THOUGH IT HAS BEEN STARVING TO DEATH! BUT HOW IS THAT POSSIBLE FOR A GHOUL - IN A GRAVEYARD?

OWWWWWW-



THE GHOUL COLLAPSES AND LIES INSENSIBLE ON THE DUSTY FLOOR OF THE BELL TOWER, AS THE MAN STUDIES IT INTENTLY WITH THE FLASHLIGHT...

INCREDIBLE! IT MUST HAVE PASSED OUT FROM HUNGER! AND THAT MEANS THAT IT ISN'T A TRUE GHOUL AFTER ALL!



THERE - THAT SHOULD HOLD IT UNTIL I CAN GET THE CAR I RENTED! WAIT - IT'S COMING BACK TO LIFE!

GUUUUUHHH-
UHHHHIHHHH-
GAAAANN-



TRYING TO TELL ME SOMETHING, ARE YOU? I'M SORRY, YOU HORROR, BUT I CAN'T UNDERSTAND A THING YOU SAY!

UHHHHHHH-



BUT I'VE GOT AN IDEA THAT YOU'RE HUNGRY! WELL, IF YOU'RE A GOOD BOY, I MIGHT FEED YOU! EVEN IF YOU'RE NOT A GHOUL - YOU'RE STILL THE CRAZIEST LOOKING THING I'VE EVER SEEN!

UNNGAAHHH-



I'LL GET THE CAR NOW AND LOAD YOU IN THE BACK! THEN WE'RE GOING TO TAKE A NICE LONG DRIVE TO A SPOT WHERE I CAN STUDY YOU WITHOUT INTERRUPTION! I MIGHT EVEN FEED YOU - SOME HORSE MEAT!

WRRRRRRR-
GAAAUUUUU-



SHORTLY AFTERWARD, AS HE RETURNS WITH THE RENTED CAR...

WHAT A BREAK! IF I CAN ONLY KEEP THE THING ALIVE, I CAN DO A BOOK ON GHOUISM THAT WILL SET THE SCIENTIFIC WORLD ON ITS EAR!



QUICKLY HE LOADS THE SNIVELING, DROOLING SUB-HUMAN THING INTO THE LUGGAGE CARRIER OF THE CAR...

A GOOD THING I HIRED THAT OLD FARMHOUSE IN THE HILLS A LONG TIME AGO, WHEN I WAS STUDYING APES! THE CAGE WHERE I KEPT THE GORILLA WILL COME IN HANDY NOW, TOO!



FINALLY, JUST AS A DREARY DAWN IS SAGGING IN THE EAST, HE REACHES AN ISOLATED FARMHOUSE MILES FROM ANY OTHER HABITATION...

HERE AT LAST! NOW TO GET THIS CREATURE INTO THE HOUSE AND HIS CAGE! SO FAR IT HASN'T GIVEN ME MUCH TROUBLE, AND I HOPE IT DOESN'T START NOW...



YES, MY BEAUTY! YOU ARE GOING TO MAKE THE MONKEY MAN OF JAVA, AND THE SNOW BEAST OF TIBET LOOK LIKE SOMETHING A COMIC BOOK WRITER DREAMED UP! YOU'RE MY KEY TO FAME!



SO DR. TED LAWRENCE SETS OFF THROUGH THE WILD NIGHT! PELLETS OF RAIN, BLOWN LIKE BULLETS BY THE HOWLING WIND, BEAT A SINISTER TATTOO ON THE WINDSHIELD...

IT'S A LONG DRIVE TO THE FARM, BUT AT LEAST IT'S IN DESOLATE COUNTRY AND THERE'S NOT MUCH DANGER OF BEING STOPPED BY THE POLICE! I'D HATE TO BE ARRESTED FOR SPEEDING AND HAVE TO EXPLAIN THAT THING IN THE BACK!



IN YOU GO, BUSTER, AND I'LL SEE THAT YOU GET FED! THEN I'M GOING TO FIND OUT EVERYTHING ABOUT YOU! MAYBE WE CAN EVEN WORK OUT SOME SORT OF A MUTUAL LANGUAGE!



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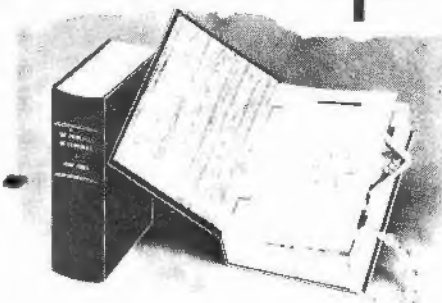
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BUT JUST AS HE IS ABOUT TO
PUSH THE SHOUL INTO THE
CAGE, SOMETHING HAPPENS...

ALL RIGHT NOW,
IN-- AHHHHH--M-MY
HEAD! SPINNING! I
FEEL SO...

HE KNOWS WHAT IS
HAPPENING TO HIM...

MY EPILEPSY! I--I'M
HAVING ANOTHER SEIZURE.
OH, NO--I M-MUSTN'T!
NOT NOW! I--
UHHHHHHHHHH--

UURRRRR--

AND DR. TED LAWRENCE GOES
REELING DOWN INTO A BOTTOM-
LESS POOL OF DARKNESS! HE
SINKS UNCONSCIOUS TO THE
FLOOR, HIS LIPS FLECKED BY
FOAM, HIS LIMBS TWITCHING
IN THE AGONY OF THE
EPILEPTIC FIT! AND
THE GHOUL BEGINS
TO MOVE TOWARD
HIM...

UHAAAAA?

THE MAN IS
UNCONSCIOUS
FOR--HOW LONG?
BUT FINALLY
HIS BRAIN
BEGINS TO
FUNCTION AGAIN!
HE BECOMES
AWARE OF HIS
SURROUNDINGS--
ONCE MORE--
AND FEELS A
GROWING TERROR!
WHAT HAS
HAPPENED?
WHERE IS
HE?

OH--SO WEAK!
L-LIKE A LIMP
PAPER SACK! AND
I--I'M IN THE
CAGE!

GURRRRR--
(DROOL)--
ARRRGUU--

YAAAAAA--I'M IN THE CAGE
AND IT--IT'S LAUGHING AT ME!
AND I'M SO WEAK, SO TERRIBLY
WEAK! BUT N-NOW I WONDER
WHAT IT WILL DO
TO ME?

IT--IT SEEMS MORE INTELLIGENT
NOW! SMARTER THAN IT WAS!
ALMOST AS THOUGH NOW IT IS
GOING TO--EXPERIMENT ON
ME! YES--THAT'S IT! I'M IN
ITS POWER AND IT'S GOING
TO STUDY ME!

AAAAAHHHHHH--

GUNNN--
AHHHHHH--
(DROOL)--
GAAAAA--
(CHUCKLE)--
AHHHHH--

AND, AS THE GLOATING FACE OF THE
THING CAME CLOSER, ALL DR. TED
LAWRENCE COULD DO WAS TO SCREAM--
AGAIN AND AGAIN AND AGAIN...



The
End